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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Teaching so many households in this and other States, the United States given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Local Matters.

Unity Club Social.

Last Tuesday evening, 18th inst., there was an enjoyable evening at the Unity Club rooms on Pelham street under the management of Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, Jr., who is the chairman of the Club's Entertainment Committee. Excellent piano playing—a sonata from Beethoven and another selected movement—were contributed by Mr. Victor Baxter. Miss Anna Smith recited with much effect two or three pieces, one of them a touching incident connected with the Civil War, and another in lighter vein on a surprising Valentine happening. Mr. Taylor read a humorous piece.

The surprises of the evening were those of two ladies not hitherto heard on any public platform here. One of them, Mrs. Van Houten Reed, a lady from Texas, sang several selections and showed she possessed a soprano voice of striking quality and compass. Her singing was a revelation to the audience. Then Miss Susan Swinburne of Newport gave two or three delightful monologues which ranked her fairly on the plane of the celebrated Miss Hereford. The "Customer in a shoe-shop" was capital and "Keeping a seat at the Maldives for a friend" was even better. The Unity Club always manages to win success in its presentations, and possibly the reason is that they deserve it.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening when the weekly pay roll of the departments were approved and other routine business was transacted. The condition of the Van Zandt avenue bridge was brought up and it was reported that the iron work was rusting badly. It was referred to the street commissioner for a report. Bills for taking the census of births were approved, that of George Ashley Hazard amounting to \$39.60 and of E. E. Taylor \$31.60. A number of applications for licenses were received and some were granted and some referred to the chief of police. It was voted to notify the public service corporations using Thames street, including the Newport Water Works, Newport Gas Light Company, Providence Telephone Company, and Old Colony Street Railway Company, to relay their pipes or make other improvements that they wish before the new pavement is laid.

Social Evening.

Malbone Lodge, No. 93, N. E. O. P., met in Mercury Hall on Thursday evening for the regular transaction of business. There was a good attendance present and at the close of the meeting the members were entertained with a "peanut hunt," which proved a very pleasant affair. The ladies' prize was awarded to Mrs. William B. Caswell. There was a tie for the gentlemen's prize between Mr. Dudley E. Campbell and Mr. Harry M. Peabody, the latter finally winning. At the close of the "hunt," the entertainment committee held a short meeting and it was voted to hold a whist on Thursday evening, March 5th.

The board of aldermen, including Acting Mayor William Shepley, have been in session this week looking into the matter of a new pavement for Thames street. The committee of twenty-five have put into the budget a recommendation of a granite block pavement for the most important business section, but at the last meeting of the council a resolution was passed directing the board of aldermen to investigate the question and report.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jenckes and their two daughters have been staying in New York during the past week.

The Budget.

The committee of twenty-five of the representative council have completed their labors in preparing the budget, the reports have been printed and mailed to the tax payers as required by law, and preparations are now being made to call the representative council together to act upon it. It is regarded as probable that the meeting will be held on Friday night of next week, in order that the appropriations can be made before the beginning of another month.

The report of the committee is one that should be read by every citizen of Newport. It is interesting as showing just where the money is going, the committee having gone very fully into the details. The total amount asked for by the various departments was \$703,757.86, but the committee only recommends the appropriation of \$683,733.85. Last year the budget called for an expenditure of \$701,049.58, but this year there are included such matters as a new pavement for Thames street (\$25,000) and payment of notes (\$40,000).

The estimates of the highway department for maintenance, contracts, etc., are approved, but the new work is cut more than \$17,000, the places omitted being Summer street, Gibbs avenue, Coddington wharf, Kinsey's wharf, Whitfield court, Gardner street, Robinson street, Bliss road, and Elouston avenue, while the sea wall on Ocean avenue is cut \$1,000. The public school department is cut \$1,000.

The committee apparently thought that the city hall employees were not so warm, for the estimate for ice for the building is cut from \$150 to \$85; neither can they have as much painting done as they wished, for that estimate is reduced about \$500. The committee chopped an even \$1000 off the incidental account of the park commission and \$800 off the appropriation for water supply, but this last is a matter for the courts anyway.

The health department shows a rather peculiar situation. There are several cuts and also some additions, something a little unexpected. The item for medical inspection in the schools is chopped in half, but \$500 is added to the appropriation for antitoxin and \$100 for repairs. Advertising, expressage, car fare and telegrams are omitted, and the miscellaneous expenses are reduced nearly two-thirds.

The committee recommends a granite block pavement on Thames street from Marlborough to Cannon at a cost of \$25,000, and some of the property owners on Thames street are wondering if this means the old noisy kind or something modern. Estimates of \$44,000 for Thames street below Cannon are rejected. The Coggeshall avenue improvement, at a cost of \$15,000, is also thrown out. The Tuberculosis Camp doesn't get its \$5000 nor does the Police Station get renovated for \$3000; but the representative council will have its tablet chairs and "three more elaborate ones for the Chairman's platform" at a cost of \$800, and the council chamber will be ventilated at a cost of \$500—that is if the recommendation is approved.

It is quite probable that the principal features of the report will be adopted, although there is very likely to be attempts made to get a modification of some of the reductions recommended. Some of the departments will undoubtedly put up a hard fight on the floor to keep their appropriations at the amounts asked for and the council may perhaps change some of the figures. However, it is doubtful if there will be any very large appropriations made beyond those recommended, for the amount annexed by the committee will probably necessitate a raise in the tax rate. This is a matter that the committee has not touched upon and it will probably be left to the assessors of taxes.

Rev. Dr. John T. Beckley died in Phoenix, Arizona, on Thursday of last week, after a considerable illness. He was for four years pastor of the Central Baptist Church in this city, serving in that capacity from May, 1902, to May, 1903. He was an excellent preacher and made a host of friends here, being frequently called upon to speak at gatherings of a public nature. He was a native of Baltimore and a graduate of the Rochester Theological Seminary. Since leaving Newport he had occupied the pastorate of several churches in the vicinity of Boston.

There was a slight fire in the unoccupied Kain house on Williams street Sunday morning, to which the department was summoned by a box alarm. Chemicals were sufficient to extinguish the flames and the damage was slight. It was supposed to be the work of boys.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Edith Livingston Mason, daughter of Mr. A. Livingston Mason, to Mr. Arthur I. Keller, of New York city, a well known artist and illustrator.

Two Marines Drowned.

There was a double drowning in the Bay last Sunday which has had considerable of mystery surrounding it and which has been the subject of investigation both at the Police Station and at the Naval Training Station, and has been the cause of considerable interest at Washington, one of the victims being a son of a Congressman. At first it was thought that the fatalities might have been the result of suicidal impulses but the latest belief is that they were accidental.

Sunday morning Privates John M. McIntosh and Benjamin G. Steenerson of the Marine Guard at the Training Station were in Newport, the former in citizen's clothes and the latter in uniform. They applied to Captain Fred Rich of the tug Annette R. Wood, which was about to sail for Fort Greble where it is engaged on a contract, for permission to take a sail with him. They were taken on board and the tug started across the bay. There were six men in the small pilot house, including two men from the dredgers and the marines. There was a slight altercation between two of the men in which a blow was struck, but the marines took no other part in the quarrel than to act as peacekeepers.

When near Conanicut Point McIntosh left the pilot house by the ladder ostensibly to go to the galley. He was not seen again, and it was not until Steenerson went into the galley and found that he was not there that it was known that he was missing. Steenerson became much excited and tried to plunge into the water but was restrained, but a short time afterward he succeeded in getting into the water when nobody was looking. Assistance was at once extended to him and he was nearly rescued when he suddenly sank from view.

The tug was brought back to this city and a report of the occurrence was made at the Police Station and the Training Station was notified. The police held an investigation and after going into the matter thoroughly it was decided that the men on the tug were in no way responsible for the fatalities. However, Neil Olsen was arraigned on a charge of assault on William Champlin, Jr., and was held for trial, this action being taken principally in order that he might be on hand as a witness if needed.

Private Steenerson was a son of Congressman Steenerson of Minnesota and his father came on at once upon being notified of the accident. After his arrival an investigation was held at the Training Station at which he was present, and he was given every opportunity to question the witnesses. As a result of the investigation the Station authorities do not believe that young Steenerson committed suicide but think that he plunged overboard to effect the rescue of his companion.

Both men were well known and were very popular at the Training Station.

Roller Skating.

The roller skating fever is raging its fiercest in Newport just at present. In spite of accidents, in spite of ice on the ponds and snow on the sidewalks, in spite of danger to pedestrians as well as to themselves, old and young are taking advantage of every smooth stretch to have a spin on the roller skates. The most popular skating ground is the granite sidewalk, but there is no prejudice in the matter and lobbies of public buildings or any other place with a smooth floor are being used by the enthusiasts.

Up and down Rhode Island and Powell avenues on a pleasant evening there is little chance for a pedestrian, owing to the throngs of skaters, and Kay street was even more popular until the owners of the hedges which furnished a soft resting place for beginners were obliged to complain that the hedges were being ruined.

Masonic Hall has been hired as a skating rink and the lessees are supplying skates as well as furnishing a floor. There are other public skating rinks besides many private places for the devotees of the sport.

On Tuesday Miss McGowan, treasurer of the Newport Opera House, sustained a fall while skating in the lobby and suffered a broken arm. On the same day Mr. George W. Bacheller, Jr., fell in the Newport Trust Company and also had his arm broken. In addition to these two accidents there have been many of a minor nature, resulting in nothing worse than sprains.

Connellman and Mrs. M. J. Murphy celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of their marriage last Sunday at their home on Carey street. Relatives and friends were present in goodly numbers to assist in making the day a most enjoyable one.

The public schools closed on Tuesday afternoon for the remainder of the week, thus allowing the teachers to enjoy a short vacation.

Wedding Bells.

Blint-Ferris.

Upon invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham, Kay Chapel was filled with relatives and friends Tuesday evening to witness the marriage of their daughter, Miss Madeline Ferris, to Mr. Frederic Phelps Blint, of Perth Amboy, N. J., Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, officiating. The chancel was handsomely decorated with palms and cut flowers, pink and green being the predominant colors used. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She looked very sweet, wearing a handsome dress of white crepe de chine over white taffeta, en trainee, with trimmings of white embroidered satin and white lace and a white satin girdle. She wore a long tulle veil and her bouquet was of bride roses and lilies of the valley. The only piece of jewelry worn by the bride was a suburn of pearls with a diamond in the center, the gift of the groom. Miss Jennie Reid was the maid of honor. She wore a dress of white embroidered mull over green taffeta and carried a bouquet of daybreak carnations tied with green ribbon. Miss Lillian B. Mabehester of this city and Miss Anna T. Maybury, of Dorchester, were the bridesmaids. Their gowns were white embroidered mull over pink taffeta and they carried bouquets of daybreak carnations, tied with pink ribbons. They wore pink and green garlands on their heads, as did also the maid of honor. Miss Marian G. Dowling presided at the organ and played the wedding marches.

Mr. Frederick D. Hixson, of Syracuse, N. Y., performed the duties of best man, and Dr. William D. Riggs, formerly of this city, but now of New York, and Mr. Joseph A. Brimlow, of Perth Amboy, N. J., were the ushers.

The bride gave her attendants pearl bouquets and the groom gave his best man and ushers attack-plins.

Immediately following the ceremony a reception was held in the guild hall connected with Kay Chapel, where congratulations were extended to the young couple. The hall was tastefully decorated with palms, cut flowers, screens and rugs, presenting a home-like appearance. In the boys' club room adjoining the guild hall a collation was served by Wiswell of the New Perry House.

Owing to the death of the groom's father, which took place at Perth Amboy on Thursday of last week, the reception was made as quiet as possible, there being no music or dancing.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and costly presents, among the number being gifts of money, cut glass and silver.

Mr. and Mrs. Blint left on the 6 o'clock train for Boston, where they will spend a few days and will visit Syracuse, N. Y., before going to Perth Amboy. The bride wore a travelling suit of dark blue and a large picture hat. At the train to see the young couple off were only the bridal party.

At the wedding at the church and among the receiving party at the reception was the bride's grandfather, Judge James G. Topham, who was on that day celebrating the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth.

Mr. and Mrs. Blint will reside in Perth Amboy, N. J., where the groom holds a responsible position in a large firm, being an expert accountant.

The police department of Newport finds that a large part of their time of late has been occupied by complaints regarding the misdoings of boys, a spirit of lawlessness seeming to prevail throughout the city. On Sunday a number of boys were called to the Station and were warned by Chief Crowley to mend their ways at once. The complaint against them was throwing a gate across the street railway tracks on lower Spring street on Valentine's night. There have been many other reports of serious mischief on the part of boys, and no one portion of the city seems to be the only sufferer in this respect.

Nicholas Barone, son of Rocco Barone, died at his father's residence on Market Square Sunday morning after a long illness. He was a football enthusiast and it is thought his illness was brought on by over-exertion and exposure while playing at this game. He was an expect lookemith and was associated with his father in business. His mother died a short time ago. Funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning and were attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends.

Among the guests in town to attend the Blint-Ferris wedding were Mr. and Mrs. George W. Topham, of Boston, Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Smith, of Fall River, and Mr. C. A. Palmer of Boston.

Mr. Henry Clews, Jr., who has been in Europe for some time past, will sail for this country about the middle of March.

An Aged Newport Boy.

Mr. Alfred Wilson of New Bedford passed his eighty-second birthday on February 15th, and the New Bedford Standard of last Sunday contains an excellent article on his long and busy life, from which the following extracts are made:

Alfred Wilson is one of those privileged individuals who have passed the Biblical allotment of three score years and ten and continue to look on the bright side of life. Mr. Wilson was born on February 15, 1826, and on Saturday he quietly observed his 82nd birthday. Though a native of Newport, Mr. Wilson has passed over fifty years of his life in this city and to him this city has been home. Mr. Wilson may well be called venerable, though he has changed little in appearance during the past few years. He has enjoyed a bodily vigor throughout his life that has remained with him to the present time and his only great affliction is being totally blind. For the greater part of the last ten years Mr. Wilson has not been able to see anything, but this affliction has not taken from him a pleasant disposition and a cheerful outlook on the world.

This winter Mr. Wilson has suffered from the grip and he hasn't been out more than five or six times, but the old gentleman gives his word that he is feeling as young as ever and the spring months will again see him enjoying his usual constitutional.

Mr. Wilson resided in Newport until he was thirteen years of age, at which age he was taken south, where he continued for five years as a clerk in a general store at Georgetown, South Carolina. The winters were spent in the south and a part of the summer months were spent in Newport. During the last few years of his stay in the south Mr. Wilson was a member of the South Carolina militia and was a corporal of the Georgetown company, in which position he doubtless had the duty of drilling men who later on fought in the ranks of the Confederate armies. Southern life was very pleasant and Mr. Wilson had an opportunity to remain there, but even at that period there was much bitterness between the north and south and Mr. Wilson felt more at home in the north.

During the following years of his life spent in Newport Mr. Wilson worked at several employments. He was for a time in the sutler's office at Fort Adams, he was on the steamer line that ran from Newport and for a time he was a clerk in the old Bellevue hotel at Newport. He recalls that it was during the time he was employed there that he met Henry Clay.

Mr. Wilson did not come to New Bedford thinking this was to become his future home. In 1851 Shimon Bailey was postmaster here and Thomas Coggeshall was the assistant. In that year Mr. Coggeshall was called to Newport to attend the funeral of his father and it was while there that Mr. Coggeshall heard of the illness of Postmaster Bailey. Mr. Coggeshall had a brother who was postmaster at Newport and knowing that some assistance would be needed in the New Bedford office he asked his brother if he knew of any one to recommend. There was no one then in the Newport office who could be asked by the postmaster, but Mr. Wilson had applied for a position there and through this application he came to meet Mr. Coggeshall, who sought his services in the office here. It was on February 18, 1851, that Mr. Wilson came to this city, taking the New York boat from Newport to Fall River and coming the rest of the way by train. He was twenty-five years of age at the time and the population of New Bedford was then about 19,000. From that time Mr. Wilson continued to serve as an assistant at the post office for nearly forty years, leaving the office in 1888.

For a man 82 years of age Mr. Wilson has a really remarkable memory. He can recall at the present time the name of every storekeeper and resident of a street a mile long in Newport as it used to be when he lived there.

Mr. Wilson has been twice married, marrying his first wife when he was 25 years of age, and his position here had become permanent. The first Mrs. Wilson lived only eleven years after their marriage, dying in 1892. His second wife was a sister of the first Mrs. Wilson and they were daughters of Dr. Ephraim B. Hixson of Newport. His second marriage was in 1896 and Mrs. Wilson passed away in May, 1900. Mr. Wilson has two sons, William D. Wilson, a letter carrier, and Alfred B. Wilson.

While New Bedford is Mr. Wilson's home he treasures the recollections of his native place. In the dining room of the house is a view of Newport harbor, and though blind Mr. Wilson has a memory of what that picture contains.

Mr. Frank L. Almy, who has been in poor health for a long time, died just as he reached the Newport Hospital on Tuesday, where he was being taken for treatment. He was well known about the city, having been engaged in the jewelry business for thirty years. He was a native of Tiverton and was in his seventy-second year. Funeral services were held at the Second Baptist Church on Friday and the body was taken to Tiverton for interment.

Mr. George Alfred Shaw died in Brooklyn on Monday. He was for many years on the editorial staff of the New York Herald and later was managing editor of the New York Telegram. He was well known in Newport, where he had many friends.

Mr. Herbert L. Dyer was a speaker before the East Providence Business Men's Association last Monday evening, his address being a consideration of Newport's new charter.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. John G. Johnson.

Mrs. Ida Powell Johnson, wife of Mr. John G. Johnson, died in Philadelphia on Monday after a long illness. She was a woman of wonderful charm of manner and charitable to a remarkable degree, and her loss will be felt not only by the city but the world also. She shared with the latter in their troubles and trials and was always ready to lend them a helping hand.

Mrs. Johnson was the youngest daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. John Hare Powell, her mother being Julia de Vaux. During the summer of 1840 her parents were spending a portion of the season abroad, and it was while they were in Paris, France, that she was born. She passed her girlhood days at Powelton, now West Philadelphia, and at Newport, where her father had a summer home. Shortly after her entrance into society she married Mr. Edward Morrell. In 1871 Mr. Morrell died and four years later she became the wife of Mr. John G. Johnson, a distinguished lawyer and art collector of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Johnson did not occupy her cottage on Bellevue avenue last summer, but had apartments at the Muenchinger-King cottage. She was a sister of the late Samuel Powell and the late Colonel John Hare Powell. Besides her husband, three children survive her: Mrs. George Pepper Norris, Mrs. William Hunt, Jr., and Colonel Edward Morrell, a former member of Congress from Philadelphia, and well known in this city, where he owns a large estate on Ochre Point.

The body was brought to this city Thursday morning and taken to the home of the deceased on Bellevue avenue, where Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D., rector of Emmanuel Church, conducted the funeral service. The interment was in the Morrell family lot in the Island Cemetery.

Margaret Kelley.

Miss Margaret Kelley died at an early hour on Friday morning, February 14, at St. Augustine, Fla. She was returning from a ban dance given by the Elks and on reaching the gateway of her home fell to the ground in an apparently unconscious condition. She was taken into the house and physicians summoned, but she had expired before any medical aid could be administered to her.

Miss Kelley was a native of Newport, being in the employ of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lawton, with whom she had gone South for the winter. She was young and of a bright and cheerful disposition, making friends wherever she went. She was a daughter of the late John and the late Margaret Kelley. One brother and one sister survive her: Mr. Edward Kelley and Mrs. Mary Roche, both of this city.

A funeral service was held at the Cathedral, at St. Augustine, at 9 o'clock the following morning, after which the body was shipped to this city, arriving here on Tuesday. A short service was held at her brother's residence on Calender avenue on Wednesday at 2:30 o'clock and at 3 o'clock the remains were taken to St. Joseph's Church where a short service was held.

Mr. Norman's Funeral.

Funeral services for the late George H. Norman were held at the family residence on Old Beach road on Sunday and were attended by a large gathering of representative citizens and business men. There were many friends and business associates present from out of town. Several prominent naval officers from the Training Station attended in recognition of Mr. Norman's service in the navy during the Spanish War.

The services were conducted by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, who read the Protestant Episcopal ritual. The remains were taken to Boston for cremation and the ashes were brought back to Newport and interred in the Island Cemetery.

Miss Annie Rao Shepley, daughter of Alderman William Shepley, has entered the training school of Bellevue Hospital in New York to study for a nurse.

Department Commander W. O. Milne of the Grand Army of the Republic has appointed Dr. A. F. Spire, a past commander, chief of staff.

Captain Edward Wilcox, United States steamboat inspector, is suffering from a severe attack of the grip.

The March session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open on Monday, March 2.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is expected to sail for Europe the latter part of April.

Colonel and Mrs. John G. Seabury, call from New York to-day for Bermuda.

Mr. Daniel O. Denham is confined to his home on Spring street by illness.

THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER IV.

IN southeast Pacific weather the unexpected seldom happens as to be a negligible quantity. The Wolverine met with it on June 5. From some unaccountable source in that realm of the heaven scouring trades came a heavy mist. Possibly volcanic action, deranging by its electric and gaseous outpourings the normal course of the winds, had given birth to it. Be that as it may, it swept down upon the cruiser, thickening as it approached, until presently it had spread a curtain between the warship and its charge. The wind died. Until after fall of night the Wolverine moved slowly, hallowing for the schooner, but got no reply. Once they thought they heard a distant shout of response, but there was no repetition.

"Probably doesn't carry any fog-horn," said Carter bitterly, voicing a general uneasiness.

"No fog, compass crazy; without fog signal; I don't like that craft. Barnett ought to have been ordered to blow her up as a peril to the high seas."

"We'll pick her up in the morning surely," said Forsythe. "This can't last forever."

Nor did it last long. An hour before midnight a peevish shower fell, hatching the sea into phosphorescent whiteness. It ceased, and with the growl of a heaving animal a small furiously leaped the ship. Soon the great steel body was plunging and heaving in the billows. It was a gloomy company about the wardroom table. Upon each and all hung an oppression of spirit. Captain Parkinson came from his cabin and went on deck. Constitutionally he was a nervous and possibly a man with a fixed belief in the conspiracy of events, banded for the building of his and his. Blind or dubious conditions racked his soul, but real danger found him not only prepared, but even eager. Now his face was a picture of foreboding.

"Daddy looks as if Davy Jones was pulling on his string," observed the flippant Ives to his neighbor.

"Worrying about the schooner. Hope Billy Edwards saw or heard or felt that squall coming," replied Forsythe, giving expression to the anxiety that all felt.

"He's a good sailor man," said Ives, "and that's a staunch little schooner by the way she handled herself."

"Oh, it will be all right," said Carter confidently. "The wind's moderating now."

"But there's no telling how far out of the course this may have blown him."

Barnett came down, dripping.

"Anything new?" asked Dr. Treadon.

"The navigating officer shook his head."

"Nothing. But the captain's in a state of mind," he said.

"What's wrong with him?"

"The schooner. Seems possessed with the notion that there's something wrong with her."

"Aren't you feeling a little that way yourself?" said Forsythe. "I'm taking a look around before I turn in."

He left behind him a silent crowd. His return was prompt and swift.

"Come on deck," he said.

Every man leaped as to an order. There was that in Forsythe's voice which stung. The weather had cleared somewhat, though scudding wrack still blew across them to the westward.

The ship rolled heavily. Of the sea naught was visible except the arching waves, but in the sky they beheld again, with a sickening sense of disaster, that pale and lovely glow which had so bewildered them two nights before.

"The aurora!" cried McGuire, the paymaster.

"Oh, certainly!" replied Ives, with sarcasm. "Dead in the west. Common spot for the aurora. Particularly on the edge of the south seas, where they are thick!"

"Then what is it?"

"Nobody has an answer. Carter has been forward and returned to report."

"It's electrical anyway," said Carter. "The compass is queer again."

"Edwards ought to be close to the solution of it," ventured Ives. "This glow should have blown him just about to the center of interest."

"If only he isn't involved in it," said Carter anxiously.

"What could there be to involve him?" asked McGuire.

"I don't know," said Carter slowly. "Somehow I feel as if the desertion of the schooner was in some formidable manner connected with that light."

For perhaps fifteen minutes the glow continued. It seemed to be nearer at hand than on the former sighting. But it took no comprehensible form. Then it died away and all was blackness again. But the officers of the Wolverine had long been in troubled slumber before the sensitive compass regained its exact balance, and, with the shifting wind to mislead her, the cruiser had rounded by morning no man might know how far from her course.

All day long of June 6 the Wolverine, baffled by patches of mist and moving rain squalls, patrolled the empty seas without sighting the lost schooner.

The evening brought an envelope of fog again, and presently a light breeze came up from the north. An hour of it had failed to disperse the mist when there was borne down to the warship a flapping sound as of great wings. The flapping grew louder, waned, ceased and from the lookout came a call.

"Ship's lights three points on the starboard quarter."

"Thought out any view, doctor?" asked the first officer.

"Felt Chel—psaw! Joffe Cell-mene! No," muttered Treadon. "Marie-Marie—I've got it! The Mule Celeste."

"Got what? What about her?"

"Parrot case," said Treadon. "Sailed from New York back in the seventies. Seven weeks out was found derelict. Everything in perfect order. Captain's wife's hair on the machine. Boats all accounted for. No sign of struggle. Log written to within forty-eight hours."

"What became of the crew?"

"Wish I could tell you. Might help to unravel our tangle." He shook his head in sudden, unvoiced passion.

"Evidently there's something criminal in her record," said Barnett, frowning at the fastly schooner astern. "Otherwise the name wouldn't be painted out."

"Painted out long ago. See how rusty it is. Schermerhorn's work, maybe," replied Treadon. "Secret expedition, remember."

"In the name of wonders, why should he do it?"

"Secret expedition, wasn't it?"

"Um-hu; that's true," said the other thoughtfully. "It's quite possible."

"What do you make it out to be?" came the query from below.

"Green light's all I can see, sir."

There was a pause.

"There's her port light now. Looks to be turning and bearing down on us, sir. Coming dead for us—the man's voice rose—'close aboard; less'n two ship's lengths away!'"

As for a prearranged scene, the fog curtain parted. There loomed silently and swiftly the Laughing Lass. Down she bore upon the greater vessel until it seemed as if she must ram, but all the time she was veering to windward, and now she ran into the wind with a castanet rattle of sails. So close aboard was she that the eager eyes of Uncle Sam's men peered down upon her empty decks, for she was void of life.

Behind the cruiser's blanketing she paid off very slowly, but presently caught the breeze full and again whitened the water at her prow. Forgetting regulations, Ives halted loudly:

"Ahoy, Laughing Lass! Ahoy, Billy Edwards!"

No sound, no animate motion, came from aboard that apparition as she fell astern. A shudder of horror ran across the Wolverine's quarter deck. A wrath ship, peopled with skeletons, would have been less dreadful to their sight than the brisk and active desolation of the heeling schooner.

"Been deserted since early last night," said Treadon hoarsely.

"How can you tell that?" asked Barnett.

"Both sails reefed down, ready for that squall. Been no weather since to call for reefs. Must have quit her during the squall."

"Then they jumped," cried Carter. "For I saw her boats. It isn't believable."

"Neither was the other," said Treadon grimly.

A hurried succession of orders stopped further discussion for the time. Ives was sent aboard the schooner to lower sail and report. He came back with a staggering dearth of information. The boats were all there; the ship was intact—as intact as when Billy Edwards had taken charge—but the cheery, lovable ensign and his men had vanished without trace or clew. As to the how or the wherefore they might rack their brains without guessing. There was the beginning of a log in the ensign's handwriting, which Ives had found with high excitement and read with bitter disappointment.

"Had squall from northeast," it ran. "Double reefed her, and she took it nicely. Seems a seaworthy, quick ship. Further search for log. No result. Have ordered one of the crew who is a bit of a mechanic to work at the brass bound chest till he gets it open. He reports marks on the lock as if somebody had been trying to pick it before him."

There was no further entry.

"Dr. Treadon is right," said Barnett. "Whatever happened—and God only knows what it could have been—it happened just after the squall."

"Just about the time of the strange glow," cried Ives.

It was decided that two men and a petty officer should be sent aboard the Laughing Lass to make her fast with a cable and remain on board overnight. But when the order was given the men lunged back. One of them protested brokenly that he was sick. Treadon after examination reported to the captain.

"Case of blue funk, sir. Might as well be sick. Good for nothing. Others aren't much better."

"Who was to be in charge?"

"Congdon," replied the doctor, naming one of the petty officers.

"He's my cockswain," said Captain Parkinson. "A first class man. I can hardly believe that he is afraid. We'll see."

Congdon was sent for.

"You're ordered aboard the schooner for the night, Congdon," said the captain.

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any reason why you do not wish to go?"

The man hesitated, looking miserable. Finally he burst out, not without a certain dignity:

"I obey orders, sir."

"Speak out, my man," urged the captain kindly.

"Well, sir, it's Mr. Edwards, then. You couldn't scare him off a ship, sir, unless it was something—something!"

He stopped, faling of the word.

"You know what Mr. Edwards was, sir, for luck," he concluded.

"Was?" cried the captain sharply.

"What do you mean?"

"The schooner got him, sir. You don't make no doubt of that, do you, sir?"

The man spoke in a hushed voice, with a shrinking glance back of him.

"Will you go aboard under Mr. Ives?"

"Anywhere my officer goes I'll go and gladly, sir."

Ives was sent forward in charge. For that night, in a light breeze, the two ships lay close together, the schooner riding faintly astern. But not until morning blushed the world of waters did the Wolverine's people feel confident that the Laughing Lass would not vanish away from their ten like a shape of the night.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Barnett came on deck very early on the morning of June 7 he found Dr. Treadon already up and staring moodily out at the Laughing Lass. As the night was calm the low tide made fair time toward their port in the Hawaiian group. The surgeon was muttering something about a log to be taken by a foreign boat.

"Thought out any view, doctor?" asked the first officer.

"Felt Chel—psaw! Joffe Cell-mene! No," muttered Treadon. "Marie-Marie—I've got it! The Mule Celeste."

"Got what? What about her?"

"Parrot case," said Treadon. "Sailed from New York back in the seventies. Seven weeks out was found derelict. Everything in perfect order. Captain's wife's hair on the machine. Boats all accounted for. No sign of struggle. Log written to within forty-eight hours."

"What became of the crew?"

"Wish I could tell you. Might help to unravel our tangle." He shook his head in sudden, unvoiced passion.

"Evidently there's something criminal in her record," said Barnett, frowning at the fastly schooner astern. "Otherwise the name wouldn't be painted out."

"Painted out long ago. See how rusty it is. Schermerhorn's work, maybe," replied Treadon. "Secret expedition, remember."

"In the name of wonders, why should he do it?"

"Secret expedition, wasn't it?"

"Um-hu; that's true," said the other thoughtfully. "It's quite possible."

"Captain wishes to see both of you gentlemen in the wardroom, if you please," came a message.

Below they found all the officers gathered. Captain Parkinson was putting up and down in ill controlled agitation.



Rich and splendid streamers of light spiraled up into the heavens.

Is without parallel. It is my intention to bring the schooner which we have in tow to port at Honolulu. In the present unsettled weather we can not continue to tow her. I wish two officers to take charge. Under the circumstances I shall issue no orders. The duty must be voluntary."

Instantly every man, from the veteran Treadon to the paymaster, volunteered.

"That is what I expected," said Captain Parkinson quietly. "But I have still a word to say. I make no doubt in my own mind that the schooner has twice been beset by the gravest of perils. Nothing less would have driven Mr. Edwards from his post. All of us who know him will appreciate that. Nor can I free myself from the darkest forebodings as to his fate and that of his companions. But as to the nature of the peril I am unable to make any conjecture worthy of consideration. Has any one a theory to offer?"

There was a dead silence.

"Mr. Barnett? Mr. Treadon? Mr. Ives?"

"Is there not possibly some connection between the unexplained light which we have twice seen and the double desertion of the ship?" suggested the first officer after a pause.

"I have asked myself that over and over. Whatever the source of the light and however near to it the schooner may have been she is evidently unharmed."

"Yes, sir," said Barnett. "That seems to vitiate that explanation."

"I thank you, gentlemen, for the promptitude of your offers," continued the captain. "In this respect you make my duty the more difficult. I shall accept Mr. Ives because of his familiarity with sailing craft and with these seas." His eyes ranged the group.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Parkinson," eagerly put in the paymaster, "but I've handled a schooner yacht for several years and I'd appreciate the chance of it."

"Very well, Mr. McGuire, you shall be the second in command."

"Thank you, sir."

"You gentlemen will pick a volunteer crew and go aboard at once. Spare no effort to find records of the schooner's cruise. Keep in company and watch for signals. Report at once any discovery or unusual incident, however slight."

Not so easily was a crew obtained. Having in mind the excusable superstition of the men, Captain Parkinson was unwilling to compel any of them to the duty. Aided by the mystery of their mates' disappearance, the sailors hung back. Finally by temptation of extra prize money a complement was made up.

All the rules of weather seemed to combine to part the schooner from her convoy. As before, the fog fell, only to be succeeded by squally rain showers that cut out the vista into a checkered pattern of visible sea and impenetrable grayness. Before evening the Laughing Lass, making slow way through the mists, had become separated by a league of waves from the cruiser. One glimpse of her between mist and the Wolverine caught, at last, the eyes of the men on the ship.

At 10 o'clock a puff, mist laden morning a new and strong crew of nine men boarded the Laughing Lass. There were no farewells among the officers. Forebodings weighed too heavy for such open expression.

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east. The crewer immediately headed about, following the probable course of her charge, which would be beaten far down to leeward. It was a gloomy mess on the warship. In his cabin Captain Parkinson was frankly senseless—a condition which nothing but the extreme of nervous depression ever induced in him.

For several hours the rain fell and the gale howled. Then the sky swiftly cleared, and with the clearing there rose a great cry of amazement from stern to stern of the Wolverine, for far toward the western horizon appeared such a prodigy, as the eye of no man aboard that ship had ever beheld. From a belt of marvelous, glowing gold, rich and splendid streamers of light spiraled up into the blackness of the heavens.

In all the colors of the spectrum they rose and fell—blazing orange, sifken, wonderful, translucent blues and shimmering reds. Below a broad band of paler blue, like sheet lightning fixed to rigidity, wavered and flitted. All the auroras of the northland blended in one could but have paled away before the splendor of that terrific celestial apparition.

On board the cruiser all hands stood petrified, bound in a stricture of speechless wonder. After the first cry of silence lay leaden over the ship. It was broken by a scream of terror from forward. The quartermaster who had been at the wheel came clambering down the ladder and ran along the deck, his fingers splayed and stiffened before him in the intensity of his panic.

"The needle! The compass!" he shrieked.

Barnett ran to the wheelhouse with Treadon at his heels. The others followed. The needle was swaying like a cobra's head. And as a cobra's head spits venom, it spat forth a thin steel beam of incandescent fire. Then so swiftly it whirled that the sparks scattered from it in a tiny shower. It stopped, quivered and curved itself upward until it rattled like a fairy drum upon the glass shield. Barnett looked at Treadon.

"Volcanic?" he said.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," muttered the surgeon in his deep bass, as he looked forth upon the streaming, radiant heavens. "It's like nothing else."

In the west the splendor and the terror shot to the zenith. Barnett whirled the wheel. The ship responded perfectly.

"I thought she might be bewitched, too," he murmured.

"You may head her for the light, Mr. Barnett," said Captain Parkinson calmly. He had come from his cabin, all his nervous depression gone in the face of an imminent and visible danger.

Slowly the great mass of steel swung to the unknown. For an hour the unknown guided her. Then fell blackness, sudden, complete. After that radiance the dazzled eye could make out no stars, but the lookout's keen vision discerned something else.

"Ship ahoy!" he shouted hoarsely.

"Where away?"

"Two points to leeward, near where the light was, sir."

They turned their eyes in the direction indicated and beheld a majestic rolling volume of purple light. Suddenly a fiercer red shot it through.

"That's no ship ahoy," said Treadon. "Volcano in eruption!"

"And the other?" asked the captain.

"No volcano, sir."

"Poor Billy Edwards wins his bet," said Forsythe in a low voice.

"God grant he's on earth to collect it," replied Barnett solemnly.

No one turned in that night. When the sun of June 8 rose it showed an ocean bare of prospect except that on the far horizon where the chart showed no land there rose a smudge of dirty rolling smoke. Of the schooner there was neither sign nor trace.

CHAPTER VI.

THIS ship," growled Carter, the second officer, to Dr. Treadon, as they stood watching the growing smoke column,

"Is a worse hotbed of rumors than a down east village. That's the third sea gull we've had officially reported since breakfast."

As he said, three distinct times the Wolverine had thrilled to an imminent discovery, which upon nearer investigation had dwindled to nothing more than a floating fowl. Upon the heels of Carter's complaint came another ball.

"Boat ahoy! Three points on the starboard bow."

"If that's another gull," muttered Carter, "I'll have something to say to you, my festive lookout."

The news ran electrically through the cruiser, and all eyes were strained for a glimpse of the boat. The ship swung away to starboard.

"Let me know as soon as you can make her out," ordered Carter.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"There's certainly something there," said Forsythe presently. "I can make out a speck rising on the waves."

"Bit of wreckage from Barnett's derelict," muttered Treadon, scowling through his glasses.

"Rides too high for a spar or anything of that sort," said the junior lieutenant.

"She's a small boat," came in the clear tones of the lookout, "driftin' down."

"Any one in her?" asked Carter.

"Can't make out yet, sir. No one's in charge though, sir."

Captain Parkinson appeared, and Carter pointed out the speck to him.

"Yes. Give her full speed," said the captain, replying to a question from the officer of the deck.

Forward leaped the

Established by Franklin in 1786.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 100

Saturday, February 22, 1908.

We didn't get that big blizzard that was pointed from the West, as it turned to rain soon after reaching here. That is so much to be thankful for.

Penn has declared a special holiday for to-day in order that the country may join with Admiral Evans's powerful fleet in celebrating the anniversary of the birth of George Washington.

Many Newporters heard with regret of the destruction of a large part of the town of North Woodstock, N. H., by fire. That is a popular resort in the early fall for Newport vacationists.

The first spring month will be ushered in one week from to-morrow. This does not necessarily mean that spring is here but it is somewhat encouraging as showing that the end of the winter is in sight.

The floods in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys have come several weeks early this year owing to the warm rains in the middle of February. The water floods that will come with spring should be less severe than usual.

Charles W. Morse has been very busy since his hasty return to America, trying to get himself out of some of the tight situations in which he finds himself. The proposed bankruptcy proceedings against him did not materialize.

Secretary Taft has made his tour through New England and has been on the whole very well received. The people of this section are not easily enthused but the big Secretary of War found that he had many strong friends in the East.

The Union Trust receivers have had considerable success this week in securing releases of claims to permit reorganization of the bank. It begins to look as if they would succeed in their attempt to keep the institution out of liquidation.

The date for the Republican State Convention to elect delegates to attend the Republican National Convention will be decided at a meeting of the State Central Committee on Tuesday next. Verily the Presidential campaign is upon us.

Hartman is again on top in the Hillsdale Central war. The courts have released the injunction issued at the instigation of the Fish interests restraining certain stock from being voted in favor of retaining Hartman in control. The stock can now be voted and that means that Stuyvesant Fish is beaten.

One hundred and seventy-six years ago to-day there was born the child that was destined to lead the struggling patriots of the Colonies out of their dependence upon Great Britain and to form the greatest republic that the world has ever known. As a youth George Washington gave promise of the greatness that was in him and he was pre-eminently the man best fitted to assume the duties of the position to which he was called.

While there are undoubtedly very many deserving men suffering for lack of employment in all parts of the country owing to the financial depression, the demonstrations of unemployed frequently become dominated by the most rabid and worthless element. The riot in Philadelphia was a shocking affair and was probably the result of the anarchist element working upon the excited minds of the men who were out of work.

General Stoessel has been condemned to death for the surrender of Port Arthur from the Russians to the Japanese. But that does not mean that he will have to die right away. Instead his sentence has been commuted to imprisonment and to dismissal from the army. At the trial the General put in a masterly plea that the capture of the fort was inevitable and that he surrendered merely to save the lives of thousands of his soldiers. He accepted all blame for the surrender and expressed his willingness to give his life in atonement therefor. He seems to be the scapegoat for the Russian dissatisfaction at being defeated by the Japanese.

Admiral Converse is qualified to speak with authority on the condition of the vessels of our navy and when he says that they are eminently satisfactory the public mind can be put at rest. The building of battleships is really of such recent origin that it has hitherto been much of an experiment and while it is not denied that there were some mistakes made in the early days the wonder is that they were so few. Even to-day there has never been a thorough test made of modern battleships in actual warfare. In the Spanish-American War and in the Russo-Japanese War, one of the contestants far outstripped the other in equipment, in skill and in preparedness. Until two navies, equally modern in design, and equally well officered, manned and equipped, meet in open warfare, the relative merits of different designs of ships will not be established.

General Assembly.

There has been considerable going on in the Rhode Island State House during the legislative session this week, although the two houses have not held lengthy meetings. Committees have been actively at work however and several public hearings on important matters have been given. A bill has been introduced in the Senate providing that the term of office of the clerk of the Supreme Court and the clerks of the Superior Courts shall be five years instead of one. Senator Caswell of Jamestown has introduced a bill repealing the bounty on crows. The Judiciary committee of the Senate has reported the act allowing the town of New Shoreham to issue bonds and it was placed on the calendar for Friday, as was also the act providing for the election of three tax assessors for the town of Jamestown to serve for three, four and five years respectively. A bill has been introduced to provide for a State board of examiners in optometry.

Mr. Franklin of Newport has introduced in the House a bill providing a penalty for killing game birds at any time of year upon land not owned by the hunter or without permission of the owner. The joint committee on accounts and claims has reported that it was voted to postpone the hearing on the claim of Augustus Smith for work on the Strake Bridge in order not to prejudice the court case. Senator Stoddard of Portsmouth has introduced an act providing for an inheritance tax, and Representative Burlington has introduced a resolution appropriating \$11,300 for the Commission on Inland Fisheries.

Massachusetts Electrics.

A Boston paper says: Within the next few months the Massachusetts Electric Co. will probably make a move in the direction of increasing rates on at least some portion of the present mileage which is at present failing to pay operating expenses. Naturally there will be no attempt to raise rates in a wholesale manner. The Massachusetts Electric Co. will in no case raise rates in any of the cities which it serves, although it is possible that some adjustment in transfer privileges may be made. In certain sparsely settled districts, however, where the company is obliged to give a long haul and where the density of traffic is very low, an increase of rates will be made, based in each case upon local conditions.

As matters stand at present, street railways must operate every mile of track which they have laid down. The Massachusetts Electric Co. since its organization in 1898 has been devoting its energies to developing the earnings of its unproductive mileage to a point where they would show a reasonable profit on the investment. Having failed to do this in certain cases, the only thing that remains to be done is either to raise rates or petition for authority to pull up the tracks. That street railways in such a predicament should be allowed to do one or the other of these things is the claim not only of the Massachusetts Electric Co. but also of the 20 independent companies throughout the state of Massachusetts, which showed a deficit after operation in the 1907 fiscal year. The Newport and the Newport and Fall River lines are a part of the Massachusetts Electric system.

Methodist Social Union.

At the annual meeting of the Island Methodist Social Union, held with the Thames Street Methodist Church in this city on Thursday evening, the following officers were unanimously elected:

President—Harry A. Titus, of Newport.
Vice President—A. Herbert Ward, of Middletown.
Treasurer—Frederick Weil, of Newport.
Secretary—Mrs. John B. Hammett, Jr., of Newport.
Executive Committee—From the First Church, Colonel W. Horton, Mrs. William H. Abbott and Edward O. Rogers; from the Thames Street church, Mrs. Charles Beach, Frederick A. Clark and Mrs. Herbert C. Clark; from the Middlebury church, Mrs. Ida Brown, Mrs. Anna Brown and James H. Barker.

Following the business session a supper was served and a delightful musical programme was enjoyed.

The Young Men's Republican Club of Middletown entertained its members and friends at a public meeting and dinner at the town hall on Monday evening. There was a large attendance and President John R. Austin presided. After ample justice had been done to the chowder and other good things provided by the social committee, President Austin presented Deputy Speaker Robert S. Burlingame of the House of Representatives who delivered a very interesting address. Other speakers included the officers of the Young Men's Republican Club of Newport, President A. H. Sanborn, Vice President W. R. Harvey, and Secretary E. A. Sherman; Messrs. Charles H. Ward, William Hubbard, and Lionel H. Peabody, Jr., of Middletown. The affair was a most enjoyable one, and the club starts out with much promise for the future.

Harry Payne Whitney, when asked about the loan of \$1,000,000 which Mrs. Betty Green is described as saying he asked her for, said: "Mrs. Betty Green is a very old lady and must be suffering from delusions. I have never met her nor seen her nor had any financial transactions with her whatsoever."

The Thaw's still remain before the public. A legal separation is the thing now talked of and it is rumored that Thaw himself may never again be given full liberty.

America's Best Customer.

The total foreign trade of the United Kingdom last year was \$1,000,000,000, compared with \$3,500,000,000 foreign trade carried on by the United States. British imports, however, exceeded British exports by \$610,000,000, while American exports were greater than American imports by \$500,000,000.

From these figures it would appear that the English are the greatest buyers in the world, which they undoubtedly are, while the Americans are relatively the biggest sellers. But Englishmen buy of necessity, and Americans purchase mainly from choice. That is to say, the British people are obliged to buy imported food and clothing, whereas the people of the United States, having most of these things produced at home, spend money for imported luxuries, such as wines and diamonds.

An official report of the British Board of Trade shows that the United Kingdom sold to other countries \$50,000,000 worth of ships in 1907. But far more important than that interesting item was the purchase by the British people of \$400,000,000 worth of foreign securities. Thus it will be seen that, although Englishmen are compelled to buy enormous quantities of the actual necessities of life, they are still able to save an immense sum of money every year, which they invest in foreign securities.

Very nearly all the money which Americans invest remains at home, for the opportunities here for profitable investment are greater than anywhere else on the globe. But the thrifty Englishman who lacks such domestic or local chances for making his money earn a big return lends it to foreigners. In this way the rest of the world sends back to London every year a stupendous sum of money in the way of interest and dividends. America's tribute in this respect amounts to a great many millions. But we manage to even things up, because the United Kingdom buys more of its \$2,770,000,000 of imports from the United States than from any other country.

What Causes Panics.

In 1893 everybody asked the question: "What caused the panic?" Democrats said: "It is because of the wicked McKinley bill which was passed in 1890. It has ruined us from the first. We have elected a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress now and we will repeal the McKinley tariff and everybody will be happy."

Republicans said: "The success of the Democrats in the Congressional elections of 1890 and the general elections of 1892 has destroyed confidence in the integrity of American institutions and has laid the sacred doctrine of a protective tariff open to danger of violation at the hands of the wicked free traders. This lack of confidence caused by Democratic success has caused the panic."

Others forgetting their partisan affiliations or their metallic preferences explained it all by pointing to the successive failures of crops. But this did not explain why farm produce should be going down in price in spite of the fact that the supply was smaller. Still others explained the panic by going into the detailed intricacies of our currency system and laying the blame on the financial regulations. That has been fourteen years ago and it is almost as impossible to find two or three men who will agree on what was the cause of the panic of 1893 as it was then.

On all sides, one hears increasing discussion of the Presidential campaign. The minded interests have about made up their minds that Bryan will be nominated by the Democrats, Roosevelt or Taft by the Republicans. The prospect sickens them, says a financial writer, the more so because all their private advices point to a bitter sectional feeling in the West and South against Wall Street and in favor of any demagogue who is against it. So high finance cannot be expected to take a very rosy view or to promote new undertakings. As a matter of fact such activity is discouraging. There is believed to be method in its attitude. Good authorities figure that 3,000,000 men will be idle in this country when the two conventions meet. Possibly this phase will lead to the nomination by one or the other of a conservative man.

It is estimated that there are now in New York city 10,000 business men and women from the West and the Southwest spending some \$100,000,000 in connection with spring trade buying. The registration of the Merchants' Association is within a hundred odd of registration last spring, when prosperity was at its height. Nearly 2,000 buyers, or their representatives, about one-half of whom were women, have registered. They are coming at the rate of nearly 200 a day. There has also been a boom in the mail order business.

Equating the celebrated stampede to the Klondike in 1897 and supposing exodus to Goldfield, the rush to Rawhide, the new Nevada gold camp, is said to be the greatest in the history of Pacific gold mining. Automobiles, wagons and even motor cycles are being used by boomers to reach the camp. Other camps are being deserted. 600 people a day are entering Rawhide. So crowded is the camp that the few tent hotels will not rent beds for longer than eight hours. There are 3500 people in the camp.

"You say your mistress is sleeping still?"
"No, sir; she's sleeping, but not still; if you listen you can hear her snore."
—Houston Post.

Washington Matters.

Senator Foraker Seeks to Defeat Roosevelt and Taft—"Who is the Anti-Administration Candidate Now?" Constantly Heard in Washington—Secretary of War Created a New Division—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]
Washington, D. C., February 21, 1908.
Desperation is the one word which properly describes the attitude of mind of the forces which are opposing the administration and seeking to forestall a continuance of the Roosevelt policies. This is clearly shown by the efforts of the anti-administration forces in the South where, by means of "rump" conventions they are seeking to avert the inevitable, the continuation of William H. Taft, "Big Bird," as his admirers call him. The first concrete evidence of this programme occurred in Florida, where a rump convention elected uninducted delegates, after the regular convention had instructed its delegates for Taft. Winthrop Murray Crane, United States Senator from Massachusetts, directed the work through Butler Ames, Representative from the same state, while the idea originated with Senator Foraker who has arrived at a point where he cares nothing for the success of the Republican party and, in a blind rage, seeks only the defeat of Roosevelt and Taft.

The scheme of the anti-administration crowd, commonly called "the allies," is to have a sufficiently large number of contesting delegations at Chicago so that by eating the majority of them the delegations instructed for Taft can be out-voted. It was pointed out by one anti-administration member of the National Committee that if this programme were carried too far it would result in too severe criticism of the National Committee; where upon, Mr. Foraker proposed to get up contesting delegations from Ohio with himself and Senator Dick as delegates-at-large. Then, he explained, the National Committee could consider the Ohio cases first, could throw them out and send the Taft delegations, and so demonstrate its "absolute fairness" to the country. After that, it could throw out as many Taft delegations from the South as it pleased without fear of criticism. Of course all this programme depends on the anti-Roosevelt crowds controlling the National Committee. Whether they can or not remains to be seen.

"Who is the anti-administration candidate now?" is a question which one hears daily in Washington. It is not always easy to answer but that is not the case this week. After trying and rejecting Cortelyou, Knox, Fairbanks and Hughes, the allies have gone back to Speaker Cannon. "Uncle Joe," as they call him, is a cut and out, and "stand-patter" and they believe that he can be groomed in such a way as to attract the united support of the extreme protectionists and the protected interests. Moreover, Mr. Cannon has been opposed to most of the labor legislation which has been proposed and this endears him to a great many interests which regard with abhorrence any curtailment of their power to deal with labor as they see fit. Finally, they say that Mr. Cannon is the only man available. Some of the more far-seeing ones, however, believe that Mr. Cannon would make a very hard candidate to elect because of his record for vulgarity. Many people have not forgotten the fact that in 1890 Mr. Cannon was guilty of such foul language in open debate on the floor of the House that ladies left the gallery and that when the news went back to the folks at home in Illinois they were so disgusted with their Representative that they failed to re-elect him and that for one Congress he remained in private life. It is realized that it is not good politics to select a man who has such a blot on his public record.

The Secretary of War has just created a new division of the War Department, the Militia Division, and has named Col. E. M. Weaver as its chief. This is a move which the national guardsmen have been urging ever since 1903 and they will be rejoiced that the step has finally been taken. This means that hereafter the relations between the militia and the regular army will be closer than they have ever been before and that the national guard of the several states will have a headquarters in the War Department and an officer whose duty it will be to look out for the interests of the militia on every occasion. Colonel Weaver is a man of delightful personality. He has had considerable experience with the militia in connection with the Coast Artillery, of which he has been assistant chief, and in every instance where he has come in contact with national guardsmen he has won their respect and regard.

The President expects to send to the Senate in the near future a number of new arbitration treaties, made in accordance with the general treaty known as the Hague Convention. The principle of these treaties is an agreement to arbitrate all differences which may arise, except such as affect the honor, the territorial integrity or the vital interests of one or other of the contracting parties. Similar treaties were sent to the Senate four years ago but were amended before being ratified, so that the President did not exchange the amended copies.

Ex-Governor Frank Black of New York has made a violent attack on President Roosevelt, speaking in the interest of Hughes, but Republicans in Washington insist that such diatribes merely strengthen the President in the popular favor. Similarly, Rep. Champ Clark of Missouri made a humorous attack on the President in the House this week, but while Mr. Clark's wit was heartily enjoyed it is a safe prediction that this speech will not change a single vote. Congress is doing little else, these days, but listening to political speeches and passing the routine appropriation bills. There seems to be excellent prospect, however, that the pay of the army will be increased. The officers and men have had no increase of pay for twenty years.

Block Island.

According to an Associated Press despatch from Plainfield, N. J., Mr. Deloris Abouze Mitchell has been married at Atlantic City to Miss Anna Hoagland who was a trained nurse attending a friend of Mr. Mitchell's, Major Edwards of Plainfield. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are now in the South on their honeymoon.

Mr. Mitchell is one of the leading citizens of Block Island, owning both the Highland House and the Pequot House. The former he has operated himself for many years and the latter has been rented for the summer seasons since it came into his possession. He is a shrewd and competent business man and is highly respected in the community.

Every woman, in recounting her past foolishness, takes this credit to herself: At least, she has never been guilty of buying a boy a gun.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Feb. 22, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Feb. 21 to 25, warm wave 20 to 24, cool wave 23 to 27. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 27, cross Pacific slope by close of 28, great central valleys 29 to March 2, eastern states 3. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 27, great central valleys 29, eastern states March 2. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 1, great central valleys 3, eastern states 5.

This disturbance will bring one of the most severe weather periods of March. Temperatures will range high as the storm wave comes in and the drop in temperatures following will amount to a cold wave in northern states. As this cold wave comes in, snows will fall in northern states and rains in southern.

About immediately following Feb. 22 unusually cold weather may be expected with snows and frosts farther south than usual for this season. As February goes out a warm wave will be approaching meridian 90 and much warmer weather will prevail for several days.

Indications are that temperatures of March will average from about to above normal, ranging highest in the section within 200 miles of Burlington, Iowa, and lowest on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and on our northern and southern borders.

Indications are that the southern states will be short on rainfall for March while the northern latitudes will have from about to above normal precipitation.

It appears that the temperatures of March are to come in reverse order, the first ten days averaging warmer than the last ten days. If these indications prove correct the last week of March will be too cold for southern truck gardening and the gardeners will need to cover their plants.

The great storms of March will come from 12 to 19 but there will be two other severe storm periods, one near first of the month and one near last days of the month. I particularly call attention to March 15, or during the three days of which 18 is central day. About that time I expect very severe storms.

My forecasts were a little off first part of February. I cannot hope to be correct all the time. The January forecasts were excellent and I could well afford the errors that occurred in February.

Senator Crane paused in front of the White House the other day to watch an elongated wagon carrying a huge telegraph pole toward the executive offices. "I expect," said he to a friend, "that the last smash of the big stick over federal patronage splintered it and the repair wagon is bringing in a substitute."

\$1,000 00 CASH

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NEAR KAY STREET.

I hold for sale a new cottage, 8 rooms, bath, etc., hot water heater, set tubs, all modern improvements, which I am instructed to sell for \$6,000, of which \$4,000 may remain on mortgage at 5 percent.

A good opportunity to secure a comfortable home, with a small cash capital. Only \$1,000 required. Apply to

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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

FEBRUARY 1908. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
22 Sat	6 47 15	45 12	11 1 10	54 11 25			
23 Sun	6 45 15	43 10	10 58 10	52 10 25			
24 Mon	6 44 15	41 10	10 56 10	50 10 25			
25 Tues	6 43 15	40 10	10 55 10	49 10 25			
26 Wed	6 42 15	39 10	10 54 10	48 10 25			
27 Thurs	6 41 15	38 10	10 53 10	47 10 25			
28 Fri	6 40 15	37 10	10 52 10	46 10 25			

New Moon, 24 day, 2h. 38m., morning.

First Quarter, 28 day, 11h. 27m., evening.

Full Moon, 17th day, 4h. 5m., morning.

Last Quarter, 21st day, 10h. 21m., evening.

Deaths.

In this city, 18th inst., at the residence of his father, 15 Market square, Nicholas, son of Robert and the late Anne Barone, aged 25 years.

In this city, 18th inst., at her residence, 27 Elm street, Julia, wife of John McPherson.

In this city, 18th inst., Frank L. Almy, in his 72d year.

In this city, 20th inst., Daniel Austin, in the 60th year of his age.

In North Tiverton, 12th inst., Joseph Foulds.

In New Bedford, 12th inst., Annie, wife of D. B. Thurmer.

In Norwich, Conn., 15th inst., Maria L., wife of Jacob F. Shuckweather, in her 70th year.

In St. Augustine, Fla., 11th inst., Margaret, daughter of the late John and Margaret Kelley of this city.

In New York, 20th inst., Louis P., son of James H., and the late Maria Cronigan of this city, in his 73rd year.

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Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

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See Face-Signature Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take.

FOR THE LIVER.

FOR THE LIVER.

FOR THE LIVER.

FOR THE LIVER.

FOR THE LIVER.

Middletown.

The annual installation of the officers of the Newport County Pomona Grange, No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, was observed on Tuesday, the exercises being held in Tiverton with Nonquit Grange. Worthy Master Frank E. Marchant, of East Kingston, the official head of the Rhode Island State Grange, was the installing officer, assisted by Miss Lottie Manchester of Tiverton, and Miss Irene Cook of Tiverton, pianist. A short morning session was held, devoted to business, at which Mr. Warren R. Sherman, Master of Pomona, presided. Reports of four of the five granges representing the county, showed the local organizations to be holding regular and interesting meetings. Aquidneck Grange, Middletown, is planning a series of entertainments during the year to add to its building fund. Nonquit Grange, Tiverton, has recently enlarged its hall, making extensive improvements, so that the two-story building is now well adapted to bring in an income by letting. Jamestown Grange was not represented; Portsmouth and Little Compton had nothing special to report, beyond the holding of regular meetings twice a month. At noon, Nonquit Grange served a quibber chowder in the dining hall.

Business was resumed at 1:20 p. m. and six candidates, two men and four women, were received to the order, following which a public installation was held. The new officers are as follows:

Worthy Master, Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown; overseer, Mrs. Charles Pater of Tiverton; lecturer, Mrs. Edna A. Peckham of Middletown; steward, Myron F. Corey of Tiverton; assistant steward, William Frank Carr of Portsmouth; chaplain, Mrs. Horace Amy of Tiverton; treasurer, Horace Amy of Tiverton; secretary, Mrs. Jason J. Clifford of Tiverton; gate keeper, Walter Sherman of Newport; pomona, Mrs. Benjamin A. Farum of Fall River; Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham, of Middletown; ceres, Mrs. Warren R. Sherman of Portsmouth; lady assistant steward, Miss Eliza M. Peckham of Middletown.

The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to a program which had been prepared by the lecturer, Mrs. E. A. Peckham, which was entitled, "The Days of Washington." The exercises, which were of a patriotic nature, opened with vocal and instrumental music by Tiverton members, Mrs. Edward Corey and Mr. Myron F. Corey and Miss Lottie Manchester. An interesting roll call was given which included incidents in the early Colonial days; these were read from small cards, each bearing a small American flag in the corner. During the singing of "Columbia be the Gem of the Ocean" and "The Star Spangled Banner," Mrs. Sude Petty of Tiverton appeared upon the stage bearing a wreath and an American flag.

Mr. Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown gave an interesting biographical sketch of "Washington" which was followed by the singing of "Hail Columbia." At the words, "Behind the chief," an American flag, which had been draped at the stage, fell away showing beneath its folds, a true portrait of George Washington. At the reading of the poem, "Crown our Washington," by Mrs. Charles Potter of Tiverton, a green wreath was placed above Washington's picture. The exercises closed with the Colonial game, "A State Social," during which souvenir post cards were used bearing portraits of Washington, and others, bearing scenes and incidents of his life. The three prizes were small bouquets of red, white and blue flowers. Among the guests of the afternoon was Mr. Thomas Chittenden of Kingston College, who came to present the needs of the College which is very badly crippled for room with its steadily increasing list of students. Pomona Grange was asked to pledge itself definitely to assist the college and to this end a committee was appointed as follows to ascertain what could be done through legislation: William Peckham of Little Compton, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox, and Mr. William Potter of Tiverton. Through Worthy State Master Marchant, a petition was presented and signed, asking the support of the grangers for the bill petitioning Congress to make a National appropriation towards the making and maintenance of good roads. Among the patriotic decorations of the hall one is especially worthy of mention as having been in use 40 years ago at the Tiverton Four Corners. The flag was 18 by 9 feet and in place of the usual corner of stars, exhibited a huge eagle with the National Motto. The flag was the property of Mr. Myron F. Corey, having previously belonged to his father who used to have the care of it. Very little is definitely known of its history in detail.

Pomona Grange will hold its next regular meeting with Aquidneck Grange, Middletown in April, when Edward Howe Furnish, ornithologist of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, will present the subject, "What we should do for the birds." The "roll call" will take up the subject of flowers and plants.

Mr. J. Oscar Peckham, who was confined to his home last week by illness, has been able to be out this week.

Two former residents of Middletown, Mr. Edmund Spooner, elder son of Alanson Spooner of Wapping Road, and his wife, Mrs. Myreus Bertha Spooner, Miss Emma that was, granddaughter of the late William Peckham, have received distinguished Grange honors. Mr. Spooner has this year been appointed Newport County Deputy and Mrs. Spooner, Master of the Davisville Grange. Mr. and Mrs. Spooner have been most zealous and loyal patrons in Grange work since 1893 when they became members of Aquidneck Grange. Mr. and Mrs. Spooner held several offices while members of the Middletown Grange.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society held their monthly meeting on Thursday at the Methodist parsonage. The subject for 1908 is "The Uplift of China." The subject has been made especially interesting this year by the appointment of a program committee who take up one chapter, at a meeting of the Forward Mission Study Course, edited by Arthur H. Smith, twenty-five years a missionary in China. Mrs. H. H. Chittenden, wife of the pastor of the M. E. Church is chairman of the program committee and is a most efficient helper, along all lines of Christian work.

The members of St. Columba's Guild of the Berkeley Chapel are holding their regular weekly meetings in the Guild rooms of the new parish rectory, some member of the Guild being appointed as hostess at each meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben W. Peckham will entertain the Runkoona Dramatic Club at their home on Indian avenue on Saturday evening.

DANGER IS AHEAD

President Endeavors to Forestall a Railroad Conflict

LETTER ON THE SUBJECT

A LETTER ON THE SUBJECT

Interstate Commerce Commission Must Investigate Causes Leading to Reduction of Wages, Which Might Lead to Serious Industrial War

Washington, Feb. 20.—Serious industrial disputes in prospect were in the mind of President Roosevelt when he wrote a letter to the interstate commerce commission, in which he says information has reached him that on account of the enactment of drastic laws by the congress and by various state legislatures it is regarded as necessary by railroad companies to reduce the pay of employees.

He points out that under the law either party may demand the services of the chairman of the interstate commerce commission and of the commissioner of labor, as a board of conciliation. He suggests, therefore, that the interstate commerce commission make such an investigation as will enable it to furnish data concerning wage conditions on various railroads as may relate, directly or indirectly, to the possibly impending controversy. The president's letter follows:

"I am informed that a number of railroad companies have served notice of a proposed reduction of wages on their employees. One of them, the Louisville and Nashville, in announcing the reduction, states that 'the drastic laws enacted by congress and the state legislatures' are largely, or chiefly responsible for the conditions requiring the reduction.

"Under such circumstances, it is possible that the public may soon be confronted by serious industrial disputes, and the law provides that in such case either party may demand the services of your chairman and of the commissioner of labor, as a board of mediation and conciliation.

"These reductions in wages may be warranted, or they may not. As to this, the public, which is a vitally interested party, can form no judgment without a more complete knowledge of the essential facts and real merits of the case than it now has or than it can possibly obtain from the special pleadings certain to be put forth by each side in case their dispute should bring about serious interruption to traffic.

"If the reduction in wages is due to natural causes, the loss of business being such that the burden should be, and is, equitably distributed between capitalist and wage worker, the public should know it. If it is caused by legislation, the public and congress should know it, and if it is caused by misconduct in the past financial or other operations of any railroad, then everybody should know it, especially if the excuse of unfriendly legislation is advanced as a method of covering up past business misconduct by the railroad managers, or as a justification for failure to treat fairly the wage earning employees of the company.

"Moreover, an industrial conflict between a railroad corporation and its employees offers peculiar opportunities to any small number of evil disposed persons to destroy life and property, and foment public disorder. Of course, if life, property and public order are endangered, prompt and drastic measures for their protection become the first plain duty. All other issues then become subordinate to the preservation of the public peace, and the real merits of the original controversy are necessarily lost from view. This vital consideration should ever be kept in mind by all law-abiding and far-sighted members of labor organizations.

"It is sincerely to be hoped therefore, that any wage controversy that may arise between the railroads and their employees may find a peaceful solution through the methods of conciliation and arbitration already provided by congress, which have proven so effective during the past year. To this end the commission should be in a position to have available for any board of conciliation or arbitration relevant data pertaining to such carriers as may become involved in industrial disputes. Should conciliation fail to effect a settlement and arbitration be rejected, accurate information should be available in order to develop a properly-informed public opinion.

"I therefore ask you to make such investigation, both of your records and by other means at your command, as will enable you to furnish data concerning such conditions obtaining on the Louisville and Nashville and any other roads as may relate, directly or indirectly, to the real merits of the possibly impending controversy."

Aldrich Bill Disapproved

New York, Feb. 18.—The council of administration of the New York State Bankers' association put itself on record as "unambiguously disapproving" the provisions of the Aldrich financial bill now pending in the United States senate.

Bad Time to Emigrate

Rome, Feb. 21.—The Italian government publishes further telegrams from the Italian consuls at New York and San Francisco discouraging emigration to America for the present.

North Perished in Fire

North Attleboro, Mass., Feb. 21.—James Kent, aged 73, an invalid, was burned to death in his house in the village of Glenview. Kent had been left alone in the house while his sister and his mother, who lived with him, went to call on their next-door neighbors. Whether the fire was accidental or was set by the invalid in a moment of despondency to end his life is unknown.

FIVE SERIOUS FIRES

Exceptional Number in a Single Day's New England News

Boston, Feb. 21.—New England business suffered loss in five fires yesterday at a total damage of over a quarter million of dollars. The most serious blaze was one which practically prostrated business at North Woodstock, N. H., by destroying three blocks, a hotel and livery stable at a loss of about \$100,000.

A large department store owned by James McFarlin in Woburn, near Boston, was burned. The loss is over \$75,000.

A grist mill and six tenements in Hardwick, Vt., were destroyed, at a loss of \$35,000.

At Rockland, Mass., the Webster and Bigelow blocks suffered \$25,000 damage by fire and at Danvers the Martin Kelley shoe factory burned, causing a loss of \$15,000 and throwing 200 hands out of employment.

A lack of adequate fire protection was noted in the dispatches from North Woodstock, Hardwick and Woburn.

Picketing Declared Unlawful

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 21.—In an opinion handed down by the supreme court the action of the superior court of Cook county granting an injunction to the A. R. Barnes Printing company of Chicago against the Chicago Typographical union, No. 16, restraining the union from picketing the plant of the Barnes company, was upheld. The court held that no sanction could be given to combinations which have for their immediate purpose the injury of another. The law, the court said, allows laborers to combine for the purpose of obtaining lawful benefits, but that picketing was unlawful.

John Mitchell's Possible Commission

Washington, Feb. 21.—That John Mitchell, the retiring president of the United Mine Workers of America, may be asked by President Roosevelt to go to Panama and to report on labor conditions there is one of the results which may accrue from a conference on Panama affairs at the White House. The necessity of having accurate information on labor conditions on the isthmus has been emphasized recently by numerous minor complaints which are coming to Washington.

Harriman Interests Win

Chicago, Feb. 21.—Judge Ball of the superior court has dissolved the injunction obtained last October by Stuyvesant Fish, by virtue of which the Harriman interests were restrained from voting 281,231 shares of the capital stock of the Illinois Central railroad at the annual meeting of the company. Under the ruling of the court the previously enjoined stock can be voted at the annual meeting of the Illinois Central, which is to be held on March 2.

Could Not Battle With Seas

Norfolk, Feb. 21.—The five torpedo boats, which passed out Tuesday night bound for points on the Gulf of Mexico, have returned to Hampton Roads. The prevailing adverse winds and high seas prevented the boats from making any headway and the commanding officer decided to return. The craft are at anchor in the roads. It is said two or three have sustained minor damage and will make repairs before going to sea.

Negro Killed by White Wife

Hartford, Feb. 18.—Gertrude H. Williams, a white woman, shot and killed her negro husband, Pearley T. Williams. Her defense will be self-defense, and a whip which is said to have been used upon her will figure in the trial. The woman's body is badly lacerated, her claim being that the wounds were made by the whip and that it was while she was being terribly beaten by her husband that she shot him.

Cannon Boom Gets a Boost

Washington, Feb. 19.—Speaker Cannon's presidential boom received marked impetus in the house of representatives when Mr. Boutwell, his colleague from Illinois, brought the subject to the fore as the climax of a half hour's speech. His remarks were based on the fact that yesterday was the thirty-fourth anniversary of Cannon's first speech in the house.

Going to Work For Taft

Washington, Feb. 17.—Frank H. Hitchcock, first assistant postmaster general, has concluded his service with the government. He will shortly take up the work of managing the Taft presidential campaign in the south and east. Hitchcock will be succeeded as first assistant postmaster general by Charles M. Grandfield, now chief clerk in that office.

Objection to Eight-Hour Day

Washington, Feb. 21.—The house committee on labor is hearing a report on the bill to enforce the observance of an eight-hour day in all work directly or indirectly affecting government projects. The best available information at this time is that a majority of the committee will report adversely on the bill.

Death of Senator Latimer

Washington, Feb. 21.—Because of the death in this city of Senator Asbury C. Latimer of South Carolina, both branches of congress adjourned. In each chamber resolutions of regret were adopted and a committee was appointed to accompany the body home.

Could Not Realize on Notes

Boston, Feb. 19.—J. H. Cressy & Co., grain dealers, have made an assignment. Inability to realize on customers' notes is given as the cause of the embarrassment. The liabilities are given as \$125,000 and the assets are said to be large.

New City Clerk For Boston

Boston, Feb. 21.—Assistant City Clerk John E. Priest was elected city clerk by the common council last night, following a deadlock which has existed since early in January. Priest received forty votes and William S. McNary thirty-seven. The board of aldermen declared in favor of Priest on Feb. 10.

CORD HELD BODY

Corpse of Woman Hung to Doorknob Thirteen Weeks

HER HUSBAND DETAINED

Body of Wife of Wealthy Man Found in Room of Hotel Which He Owned

—Establishment Was Closed Immediately After Woman Disappeared

Foxcroft, Me., Feb. 19.—The mystery of the disappearance of Mrs. Maude Woodbury, wife of Herbert Woodbury, a wealthy livery stable keeper and real estate owner here, who has not been seen since Nov. 4 last, was solved when officers making an investigation discovered the dead body of Mrs. Woodbury hanging by a cord to a door knob in an empty room at the top of the fourth story lodging house known as the Exchange hotel.

Woodbury is 52 years old and his wife was 36. The couple were married eight years ago, the woman being Woodbury's third wife. It is claimed their married life had not been happy.

When Mrs. Woodbury disappeared her husband told friends, it is claimed, that he had a quarrel with his wife over attentions paid her by a lodger in the house, and he seemed anxious to do all in his power to find out where his wife had gone and to have her returned to him.

The Exchange hotel, which was owned by Woodbury, is a large, four-story affair, which ordinarily accommodates some twenty-five lodgers. Last fall there were only eight people in the house, however, and Mrs. Woodbury concerned herself with providing board for her lodgers and taking care of the rooms. On the day on which she disappeared Woodbury turned out the few lodgers staying at the house and immediately closed up the place, going to live with his sister, Miss Woodbury, a spinster, who lives on River street.

Very soon after the hotel was closed Woodbury advertised his livery stable property for sale, giving ill-health as the cause for his going out of business. That Woodbury was in ill-health was shown by the frequent visits of a local physician, who ascribed his condition to weakness of the heart. An evidence of his ill-health which did not fail to attract the attention of the townspeople was a repetition of a fainting spell which he experienced on several occasions when passing by the Exchange hotel on his daily ride which he has taken during the past few months. On two or three occasions a physician has had to be called, it is stated, and Woodbury has had to be taken back to his sister's home.

City Marshal Leader of Lewiston, employed by Mrs. Woodbury's father, John Henderson, appeared in Foxcroft, accompanied by Edward Henderson of Milo, a brother of Mrs. Woodbury; Sheriff Knowles of Dover, Officer Maguire of Foxcroft and Helen Woodbury, aged 20, of Dover, a daughter of Woodbury by his first wife, and the party proceeded to the Exchange hotel. The officers were admitted to the hotel by Miss Woodbury, who had the key. The officers started in the basement and every room up through the three floors of the vacant house was thoroughly and carefully searched. When the top or fourth floor was reached nothing was found until the party had reached room 15, where the officers were unable to open the door.

A consultation was held and, as it was found that to complete the search the door would have to be broken in, the officers questioned if they had the authority to do so. A stay in the proceedings was therefore called until Officer Maguire could seek out the authorities and secure a properly made out search warrant.

Armed with full authority, Knowles and Leader then forced an entrance to room 15. When the door had been successfully opened the party entered one by one through the narrow aperture, Miss Woodbury following close behind.

Inside the room the frozen body of Mrs. Woodbury, badly decomposed after its thirteen weeks of sole occupancy of the great house, lay stretched upon the floor, the head raised barely two inches from the floor and suspended by a small cord twisted about the neck and fastened to the doorknob on the inside of the door. The body was fully clothed, there were no marks about the room to give evidence that any struggle had taken place in the room, and so far as could be discovered from the condition of the body there were no signs upon it to show that any violence had been committed other than from the twisting of the cord about the neck.

Herbert Woodbury is a native of Foxcroft and has lived here all his life, amassing considerable property. No charge has been preferred against him, but Sheriff Knowles ordered Woodbury detained until the matter had been considered by a coroner's jury. Woodbury would make no statement in connection with the case.

Embezzler Looking For Pardon

Providence, Feb. 21.—An effort to obtain a pardon for Levi C. Lincoln, now serving a term of two years in state prison for embezzling \$92,400 in funds of the Woonsocket Electric Machine and Power company while treasurer of that corporation, has become known. The impression is given that neither the officials of the company nor the chief of police will join in the move for a pardon.

Saved Children, but Lost Own Life

Boston, Feb. 20.—With flames roaring on all sides and with the question of life and death for herself and little ones, Mrs. Mary McDonald threw her two infant daughters to the street and then jumped from her tenement on the third floor. Mrs. McDonald died last evening. One of the children escaped unscathed and the other is resting comfortably in the city hospital.

THREE SERIOUSLY HURT

Many Other Passengers Shaken Up in Trolley Car Accident

Northboro, Mass., Feb. 21.—Thirteen persons were hurt, three of them seriously, by the derailment of a fast-running trolley car last night. The rear wheels of the car left the rails at a curve west of Northboro and the car was thrown squarely across the track, the rear vestibule bringing up with great violence against a tree. The seriously injured are Mrs. Michael Hurley, William Minard and Charles Leporte. It is said that the car was running at an unusual rate of speed in order to make up time.

Another accident of a similar nature occurred at 10:30 at a point about a half mile west of the scene of the first accident. A car containing three passengers was derailed at a curve, the rear wheels leaving the track just as in the case of the first accident. No one was hurt, although a telephone pole was struck by the car.

Reformatory Has \$10,000 Fire

Concord, Mass., Feb. 21.—A fire which started with a mysterious explosion and necessitated the removal of many prisoners from their quarters in the Massachusetts reformatory last night caused a damage of \$10,000 to the laundry building, attached to the east wing of the reformatory. The prisoners became frightened and a panic was only averted by marching the men from the east wing to secure quarters in the basement. Besides the damage to the building the reformatory baths, eighty in number, used by the prisoners, were destroyed, and 1000 sets of underclothes worn by the prisoners were damaged by smoke.

Many Hurt in Mill Explosion

Lowell, Mass., Feb. 20.—Three workmen are on the dangerous list, nine more suffering from injuries, 2500 temporarily out of employment, and a damage of \$50,000 was the result of the explosion of an economizer in the boiler house of the Hamilton Manufacturing company. While the finishing touches were being put on the new \$150,000 boiler house and the final test was being made of the elaborate system, the explosion came without warning.

Bean Famine Threatened Boston

Boston, Feb. 21.—That Boston is living up to her widespread and proverbial reputation for being the "bean-eating" city of the universe would seem to be established by the fact that the demand for that product has exhausted the resources of the country and a ship is now daily expected in port, bringing thousands of bags of beans from Marseilles, France, to supply a famine which has been threatened.

Strike on Bangor and Aroostook

Bangor, Me., Feb. 18.—A strike of all the carmen and inspectors of the Bangor and Aroostook railroad has gone into effect. The strikers include men who either repair or clean the cars, there being about 175 on strike. The strikers claim that on Jan. 1 a schedule of agreement as to the rights of treatment went into effect which, they assert, has been broken by the company in some of its articles.

Verdict of Coroner's Jury

Foxcroft, Me., Feb. 21.—A finding that Mrs. Phoebe Maude Woodbury, the wife of Herbert Woodbury, came to her death "on Nov. 4, 1907, by violence inflicted by some person or persons to the jury unknown" was returned last night by the coroner's jury. Herbert Woodbury, who was arrested on a charge of murdering his wife, will be given a hearing next Tuesday. In the meantime he will remain in the jail at Dover.

PRONOUNCED HIS CASE INCURABLE

Whole Body Raw with Eczema—Life Was Intolerable—Was Even Incased in Plaster—Discharged from Hospitals as Hopeless.

SUFFERED 14 YEARS CURED BY CUTICURA

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable by eczema in its worst form. He was all right until a red rash broke out on his forehead, but we were not alarmed at first. Very soon, however, the rash began to spread over his head and shoulders, and it caused him great discomfort. I took him to a doctor and tried half a dozen other treatments, all with the same result: no improvement at all. The disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. We had to strap him down in bed, for he used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep. The agony he went through is quite beyond words. No one thought we would ever win him. The regimental doctor, a very clever man, pronounced the case hopeless; at least, he said the only hope was that he might, if he lived long enough, outgrow it to some extent. We had him in hospitals four times and he was pronounced one of the worst cases, if not the worst, ever admitted. From each hospital he was discharged as incurable; in fact he got worse under the successive treatments. At one hospital they incised him in plaster, and this seemed to aggravate the sores terribly. He looked so badly that no one liked to go near him and his life was a burden to him. We kept trying remedies after remedies, but we had got almost past hoping for a cure. Six months ago we purchased a set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent Pills and persevered with them. The result was truly marvelous and to-day he is perfectly cured, his skin not having a blemish on it anywhere. Mrs. Lily Hodge, 51 Vaughan Road, Coldharbour Lane, Camblewell Green, Eng., Jan. 12, 1908.

Cuticura is a great depot for free Cuticura Book on Treatment of Skin Diseases. Agents: London, 27, Charlotte Street; Paris, 4, Rue de la Paix; New York, 10, Broadway; San Francisco, 10, Market St.; Chicago, 10, La Salle St.; Boston, 10, State St.; Philadelphia, 10, Arch St.; St. Louis, 10, N. 3rd St.; Portland, 10, Commercial St.; Seattle, 10, 3rd Ave.; Denver, 10, 14th St.; Salt Lake City, 10, 1st St.; San Antonio, 10, N. 1st St.; Dallas, 10, N. 1st St.; Houston, 10, N. 1st St.; New Orleans, 10, N. 1st St.; Mobile, 10, N. 1st St.; Savannah, 10, N. 1st St.; Jacksonville, 10, N. 1st St.; Tampa, 10, N. 1st St.; St. Petersburg, 10, N. 1st St.; Pensacola, 10, N. 1st St.; Panama City, 10, N. 1st St.; Key West, 10, N. 1st St.; Miami, 10, N. 1st St.; Fort Myers, 10, N. 1st St.; Naples, 10, N. 1st St.; Venice, 10, N. 1st St.; Rome, 10, N. 1st St.; London, 10, N. 1st St.; Paris, 10, N. 1st St.; New York, 10, N. 1st St.; San Francisco, 10, N. 1st St.; Chicago, 10, N. 1st St.; Boston, 10, N. 1st St.; Philadelphia, 10, N. 1st St.; St. Louis, 10, N. 1st St.; Portland, 10, N. 1st St.; 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Yes, It Was a Broken Promise.

They were sitting side by side on a bench in Riverside Park, under the now almost leafless trees. Her troubled eyes were bent upon the river, while his gaze rested on her white, wan face. Two were old friends, and the young soldier of whom they had been speaking and who had met his death in the gallant charge of our troops at El Caney, had been the young man's cousin and the girl's accepted lover.

None had known of their short engagement except this one friend. And it was he who had written her the dreadful news of his comrade's death, his brief letter ending with the words, "God knows, I wish I might have fallen in Tom's stead!" A wish which she had echoed in her heart.

He had seen her many times since her return from the campaign. Again and again he had graphically given her all the details of his lover's life in camp, of his splendid courage and his heroic death. He had made the dead man a hero in her eyes.

And now a silence had fallen upon them. Her eyes were bright with unshed tears, and her lips were trembling in spite of her efforts to steady them. "Violet," he said at last, "this dreary routine of continual study and teaching is killing you. You are working too hard, you give yourself no rest—except these short Saturday afternoons, which I have fairly insisted on."

"There is no other way," she said pitifully. "I am all alone, I must live, there is no other way."

"There is another way—if I could only make you see it. I hardly dare speak yet, but I love you so—you must have known it!"—as she started suddenly. "Let me take care of you—try to think of me as one."

"As one who is treacherous to his dead friend!" she said in scorn, rising as if to leave him.

He rose and faced her. "I would gladly have died to save his life," he said, "but that was not to be. He was taken and I was left. I loved my friend and I respect his memory—but I loved you before ever he saw you! He is gone now, and we must live out our lives. I love you, Violet, and you must come out to care for and protect me. I ask you only for the right to take care of you—the rest I will leave to time."

"And time will only strengthen my contempt for the man who has proved false to his dead friend!" she said bitterly. "I believed in your friendship for him, and now that belief has been taken from me. I ought to thank you for this self-revelation, but I can't. I would have been happier had you left me in ignorance of your pitiful weakness of character. I have lost both my lover and friend! No, don't speak, I will not listen. I wish never to see or hear you speak again."

His brown face slowly flushed, but he loved silently, and turned—when she withheld her hand—and left her without a word.

So she went back to her monotonous life of teaching and saw him no more. But she missed his friendship, she missed those afternoons by the river and their talks together of the dead hero. Her life seemed a broken dreary thing—yet she still cared to live. And while she hoped never to see his face again she was ever unconsciously looking for him as she went to and fro upon her way. And her heart would leap when she suddenly saw a tall figure among the crowd if it resembled her over so faintly of him.

But she never caught sight of him and the long months dragged wearily away.

Then came a day when she once more heard his name. A terrible railroad accident had occurred and he was reported among the killed. She could not understand the emotion which overcame her then. She had thought she felt for this man only contempt and scorn—yet now—

Well, once he had been her friend, and Tom's, and though he had afterward proved treacherous and false, he had loved her. And no woman could bear unmoved the death of a man who had loved her—even though his honor had been so stained.

Two miserable, unhappy days passed by and then a letter came, a few words from a nurse in the hospital near where the railroad accident had been. It told her that the man reported dead was yet alive, but so badly injured that he would surely die. He lay unconscious and the only word he had uttered was the name "Violet." And when the nurse had found a letter addressed to a woman of that name, among the papers in his pocketbook, she had hastened to inclose it thus and send it on.

Tears streamed blinding Violet as she took the inclosure up. The envelope was yellow and worn, and the writing upon it—her name—was in the once familiar hand of him who had been her lover, and who had met a soldier's death on the field of battle. What did it mean? She could not understand.

She drew out the letter with trembling hands. It was dated in the Cuban camp on the night before the fatal battle. My darling Violet! Some strange foreboding tells me that this is my last night on earth, and I cannot face tomorrow's chances without writing to you once more and telling you again of my love for you—and of my utter unworthiness of you dear. I've always been an unstable, impetuous fellow, and Jack—God bless him!—has always stood my friend. He stood between me and punishment many a time at school, and between me and the consequences of my folly more than once since then. And how have I rewarded his friendship? I found out by interest chance that he loved a girl, and I—jealous of his love—wished to know what girl he saw whether I thought her worthy of him. That girl was you, I saw you, fell in love with you, and—knowing what I know—I strove to win your love and I succeeded. I knew he had not spoken so I hastened to speak first. Violet, he never reproached me. He turned white when I told him I had won you, but he clutched his hands and kept back the bitter words. He only expected a promise that I should try to be worthy of you from that time on. And I meant to try—I am not unworthy of you dear, yet I love you so! And if I live I mean to marry you. But if I die, I want you to marry him, for he is as noble a fellow as ever lived. I intend he shall read this letter which he is to deliver to you in case of my death. Should I live, I shall destroy it on the day we leave Cuba. I know I shall live, my darling—yet I hope the happier fate for you would be my death.

That God will bless you, Violet, is the prayer of your unworthy Tom. P. S. Jack has read this letter and has promised to send it to you if I am killed. He did not wish to give the promise, but at last I've made him do so. As fast as train could carry her Violet hastened to the city where John

lay in the hospital unconscious, perhaps dead. She prayed that she might arrive in time. She prayed that he might know her when she came. She asked in trembling tones for the nurse who had sent her the letter. And of the nurse when she had come she could ask no question—she only named his name.

The nurse's kind face brightened. "Good news for you my dear! He is conscious, he is better—the doctors think that he will live. Joy can hurt no one, come—I will take you to him at once."

The injured man lay staring at the doorway with dull eyes. He saw the nurse look in with pleasant face. She disappeared and another stood there in her stead. Was he dreaming? Was his mind wandering again?

The sweet white face in the doorway smiled tremulously upon him. The slender figure drew near and knelt beside him.

He murmured, "Violet."

"Hush, do not speak," she said. "I have come to take care of you, dear—to care for you—always, if you will let me. For—though you broke your promise, you faithful friend—the good nurse sent me your letter. And I know, I know the truth at last, and how noble and generous you have been!"—Judith Spencer, in Springfield Republican.

The Winds of the World.

A Fight Between the Monsoons—Local Breezes and Some of Their Effects.

(From the Singapore Free Press.)

Being credibly informed the other day by a queer old man of the confusing persuasion that the southeast monsoon was still fighting the northeast monsoon to see which would conquer, and the information being followed by a dissertation on the future of the last years owing to the same perversity of a veteran logging superintendent on the stage when he ought to have left his boards empty for the keen northeast, it occurred to me that there was a considerable amount of information to be obtained about winds without discouraging our windiness.

Until one actually experiences it there is a lot of romance hanging around the outskirts of the wind monsoon. We speak of the monsoon being practically closed, but unless we go down to the sea in ships the wind affects us but little. In the great continents of India and Australia, however, the breaking of the monsoons is a matter of great interest, of general interest to everyone, of painful and keener anxiety to many, and in such cases the wind is fraught with a meaning which is greater than ever book conveyed to the mind of man.

Apart from the winds of regular habit there are the many local winds which occur in different parts of the world and are generally named in character. Of such may be mentioned the Sirocco, Stramon, Harro, the Pama of Peru, the bitter northeast of Britain, the Mistral of Marseilles and that coast, the Pampero of the Andes. With all these local breezes, though in fact they are often times gales of some velocity, many curious effects are coupled, and one of the most noticeable of these is that the blowing of the genuine northeast at home is always coincident with the greatest number of deaths from consumption and brain disease.

There is here opened up a wide field of most interesting research for the curious in weather study and humanity lore, for the effect of wind on sentient beings has never been as deeply considered as it might be. Thus in the lower planes of life the animals are distinctly affected by winds, and in particular cats, as anyone will remember if they consider the peculiarities of cats when high winds are blowing. Cattle, too, are susceptible to winds, and possibly more to the premonition of wind, while the blowing of a nor-wester will exhilarate some temperaments in a manner not quite the same as anything else will.

A Wild Turkey Drive.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Deer drives and wolf hunts may be interesting, but I think the turkey drive we took part in up in the Ozarks recently has them all beaten for real sport. The hunters of our party had assembled long before daylight. The night before one set of men had been sent into Marion County, ten miles away. Others were sent five miles to the right and left and our company was to complete the circle, the various parties converging at a point agreed upon. Rifles were not allowed, all carrying shotguns. The country was alive with game—rabbits, quail and squirrel; but our attention was not to be diverted. Our party had scarcely started when a single gobbler was seen while the fresh snow was well marked with tracks. There is no wader bird than the turkey, and few harder to kill. Unlike the deer, he is not inquisitive and as soon as danger is sensed scots for safety. About noon the circle began to narrow and shots were heard from the other parties. We were hidden in a dense tangle of underbrush when the fun began. Budd Brubaker shot and crippled a hen, while Ed Reynolds was just in time to land on a fine big gobbler. These shots scattered the bunch, and four came straight for our hiding place. There were more than thirty turkeys in the little valley at one time, and we got seven of them.

Nerve Cure.

One of the pleasantest noises of old days was the sound of the kettle simmering on the hob. Hobs are abolished in the new and so-called improved grates—more's the pity. The gentle sizzling of the kettle might even now prove a sovereign remedy for the nerves from which we all suffer.—London Graphic.

True to Nature

Critic—Excuse me, but does this picture represent a box of shoe blacking just opened?

Artist—How ridiculous! Why, that is my celebrated painting entitled "The Sunset."

Critic—Sunset? Great Scott! Where?

Artist—In Pittsburg, sir.—Chicago News.

"Don't you hate to grow old?" said the first egg, snuggly.

"No, I don't," returned the second egg, with a toss of the head. "When I become old enough I am going on the stage."—Modern Society.

"Mercy on us, man! Three stoves and all red hot! You'll burn to death!" "Can't help it. Just got a December order for a summer magazine poem!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Woman's Mail Route.

Her Long Trail Over the Wind River Range in Northwestern Wyoming.

From the Kansas City Star.

Star route 61123, South Pass City to Lander, Wyoming. That is the official designation which the Post Office Department gives to forty miles of mountain trail that runs along the top of the continental divide in the Wind River range of the Rocky Mountains in northwestern Wyoming. Over that trail the United States mails pass daily in both directions to connect with other star routes.

Star routes are usually awarded to tried and seasoned veterans of the road, men who can follow the trail when the "stakes" are buried under several feet of snow and the only other landmarks the mountains are surrounded in fog and mist. But once in a while an exception is made, for good reasons. One of them is Star Route No. 61123. It is operated by a veteran indeed, but not a man. Mrs. S. K. Gillespie, who is a Kansas City woman when she is "back home," holds a commission from the Post Office Department to carry the mails over this route, and for two years has not failed to deliver the mail pouch at its destination within the time specified in her contract. To do this has not always been easy.

More than once she has had to abandon her sleigh on the trail, out the harness and with the mail bags thrown across the horses' backs push on through a blizzard that obscured every landmark and the road itself.

"Close called," Well, yes, some," said Mrs. Gillespie, who is visiting friends in Kansas City. "One night in November my driver, who was bringing the mail from Myersville to South Pass, didn't arrive at the hour he was due. I waited until three o'clock in the morning and then I determined to find out what was the matter. The mail for Atlantic station four miles out, which he was to take on his return trip, was ready to go. I couldn't get a horse to town, so I took the mail pouch and walked to Atlantic, where I left it. There I got a horse and pushed on."

"About two miles from Atlantic I found one of the mail wagon horses with trailing harness and I knew there had been an accident. I caught the horse and went on. Soon I saw the wagon by the side of the road and the injured driver on the ground. There had been a runaway. The second horse wasn't to be found, so I loaded the mail bags on my horse and assisting the driver on the other (went) back toward South Pass. We made it just in time to save a lost trip being recorded against my contract."

The winter of 1901 was one of the most severe I had to go through. In April there was five feet of snow on the trail. That month I had a terrible experience. I started for Myersville in the morning with a two horse sleigh and a driver. The snow was packed hard and the trail perfectly plain, but we hadn't gone far when it began to snow hard. In an hour a violent blizzard was raging. When we were still seven miles from the station and the snow was so thick we could scarcely see the horses the whiffletree broke. We abandoned the sleigh, piled the mail bags on the horses' backs and went ahead on foot. We didn't dare ride the horses for fear the extra weight would prove too much for them. The stakes which marked the trail were soon covered by the snow and we could only follow the horses. A horse has a wonderful instinct for following a trail in the worst storm, and they kept the road and brought us into the station, but my feet were frozen.

Mrs. Gillespie cares for her own stock, doctors her twenty-two horses, superintends the repairs on the wagons and sleighs, and drives over the route. "I learned to shoot when I first went out there, but I have never been molested," she said, "though mail wagons on nearby routes have been held up once or twice. I have frequently been out all night in the saddle looking for strayed horses, but never had to shoot anything worse than a rattlesnake."

Byron and Wordsworth.

Byron and Wordsworth have this at least in common. Each alike was filled with righteous indignation at social and moral wrongs. Each was a democrat before democracy, eager to admit the people to the heritage from which they had been shut out by the selfishness of class interests and the abuses of industrial conditions. But while Wordsworth's temperate zeal took the gradual and the longer way of a basic reconstruction of social practice, biding it up afresh on arguments tested by experience and deeming no record too trivial to serve the architect's design, Byron's more ardent mood burned for instant reform, and would not brook the restraints which the tactician imposes on the fighter. "The moment he reflects he is a child," was Goethe's verdict on Byron, who though he was moved by the same impulses as Wordsworth, and obeyed the same order of revolt, followed throughout his short life the path of action, not of reflection. His poetry carries us forward, in the sense of his own dying cry, "Forward, forward, follow me." It exhibits, as Swinburne tells us, a "splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength." He believed intensely in his cause—the common cause of his age, the emancipation of man from physical and moral bonds—and he employed whatever weapon came foremost to convince others of the truth.—T. P.'s Weekly.

A Squire Wholes King Edward's Friend.

The list of suggested fellow guests of royalty is an anxious and serious question for the hostess, for even the most exalted have their likes and dislikes, and inadvertently to introduce a jarring element would spell disaster. Royalty's favor is capricious. Who would have thought that a plain untitled Yorkshire squire, with the unpromising name of Sykes, would be one of the most intimate friends of the British royal family, constantly entertaining the present king and queen, staying with them at Sandringham, and being generally on terms of intimacy such as kings very rarely allow? Christopher Sykes is a very notable instance, for as a general rule England's king and queen pay visits that are few and far between, and those only in as many houses as many mistakes are numbered on the fingers of one hand.

Mrs. Newed—"My husband never speaks a cross word to me."

Mrs. Oldwed—"Indeed! How long have you been living apart?"—Chicago News.

CASTORIA. The Kid You Had Always Envy!

Beats the Elgastore.

The President's Bear.

Mr. Roosevelt's Own Story of How He Shot the Beast in the Casbah.

(Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's Magazine.)

Then we crouched down, I with my rifle at the ready. Nor did we have long to wait. Peering through the thick-growing stalks I suddenly made out the dim outline of the bear coming straight toward us; and noiselessly I cocked and half-raised my rifle, waiting for a clearer chance. In a few seconds it came, the bear turned almost broadside to me, and walked forward very stiff-legged, almost as if on tiptoe, now and then looking back at the nearest dogs. There were two in number—Rowdy, a very deep-voiced hound, in the lead, and Queen, a shrill-tongued biddie bitch, a little behind. Once or twice the bear paused as she looked back at them, evidently hoping that they would come so near that by a sudden race she could catch one of them. But they were too wary.

All of this took but a few moments, and as I saw the bear quite distinctly, some twenty yards off, I fired for the head and the shoulder. Although I could see her outline, yet the cause was so thick that my sight was on it and not on the bear itself. But I knew my bullet would go true, and, sure enough, at the crack of the rifle the bear stumbled and fell forward, the bullet having passed through both lungs and out at the opposite side. Immediately the dogs came running forward at full speed, and we used forward likewise the pack should receive damage. The bear had but a minute or two to live, yet even in that time more than one valuable hound might lose its life; so when within half a dozen steps of the black, sagged beast, I fired again, breaking the spine at the root of the neck, and down went the bear stark dead, slunk in the casbah in true hunter fashion. One by one the hounds struggled up and fell on the dead quarry, the noise of the worry filling the air. Then we dragged the bear out to the edge of the case, and my companion used his horn to summon the other hunters.

In Louisiana and Mississippi the bears go to their dens toward the end of January, usually in hollow trees, often very high up in living trees, but often also to great logs that lie rotting on the ground. They come forth toward the end of April, the cubs having been born in the interval. At this time the bears are nearly as fat, so my informants said as when they enter their dens in January; but they lose their fat very rapidly. On first coming out in the spring they usually eat fish and the tender young cane called mutton cane and at that season they generally refuse to eat acorns even when they are plentiful. According to my informants it is at this season that they are most apt to take to killing stock, almost always the hogs which run wild or semi-wild in the woods. They are very individual in their habits, however; many of them never touch stock, while others, usually old-bearers, may kill numbers of hogs; in one case an old bear began his hog killing just as soon as he left his den.

In the summer months they feed but little to eat, and it is at this season that they are most industrious in hunting for grubs, insects, frogs and small mammals. In some neighborhoods they do not eat fish, while in other places, perhaps not far away, they will only greedily eat dead fish, but will themselves kill fish if they can find them in shallow pools left by the receding waters. As soon as the mud is on the ground they begin to feed upon it, and when the acorns and pecans are plentiful they eat nothing else, though at first berries of all kinds and grapes are eaten also. When in November they have begun only to eat the acorns they put on fat as no other wild animal does, and by the end of December a full-grown bear may weigh at least twice as much as it does in August, the difference being as great as between a very fat and a lean hog. Old-bearers which in August weigh 300 pounds and upward will toward the end of December weigh 600 pounds, and even more in exceptional cases.

The Taste of Tin.

A man may live in the city and buy a squash and eat it. That is all he can do with a boughten squash, for a squash that he cannot raise, he cannot store, nor take delight in outside of it. And can a man live where his garden is a grocery? his store, house a grocery? his bins, crates, boxes, bottles, and tin cans? Turned squash in pie may taste like any squash pie; but it is no longer squash, and is a squash nothing if not pie! Oh, but he gets a lithograph squash upon the can to show him how the pulp looked or God made it. This is a sop to his higher sensibilities; it is a commercial reminder, too, that life even in the city should be more than pie—it is also the commercial way of preserving the flavor of the canned squash, else he would not know whether he were eating squash or pumpkin or sweet potato. But then it makes little difference, all things taste the same in the city—all taste of tin.—Dallas Love Sharp, in the February Atlantic.

A Feat.

"Do you imagine it possible for a camel to go through the eye of a needle?"

"Oh, I wouldn't be surprised. You know how large my wife is?"

"Yes."

"Well, she goes through my pockets regularly."—Houston Post.

Sure Cure.

The Young One—What should a man do to break himself of the habit of talking too much?

The Old One—Get married—Youkers Stateman.

"Mrs. Naybor says," began Mrs. Yerger, "that she never has to ask her husband for money, because he gives her all she wants. I wish I could say that."

"Well," interrupted Mr. Yerger, "why don't you, my dear? You can talk just as big as she does."—Philadelphia Press.

"Billings says he thinks that there ought to be a privileged class in this country."

"Really?" exclaimed Miss Cayenne. "I didn't know because that Mr. Billings had purchased a motor car."—Washington Star.

"Do you think there are any great orators left?"

"Yes," answered Senator Borghum. "My observation is that great orators are nearly always left."—Washington Star.

Women's Dep't.

Indian Dairy Workers For Woman Suffrage.

The following resolution was adopted by the Indiana State Dairy Association a few days ago:

WHEREAS, in the development of the resources of the Middle West, women have borne equal burdens with men, and

WHEREAS, in the great industry for which this Association stands, women represent an equal share of its labor, and

WHEREAS, in our State University the Dairy courses are shared equally by men and women, therefore be it

RESOLVED, that the State Dairy Association, in convention assembled, endorses the movement for equal political rights for women, and hereby urges the State Legislature at its next session to adopt a resolution requesting the Congress of the United States to submit to the various State Legislatures for ratification an amendment to the United States Constitution prohibiting disfranchisement on account of sex.

Notable Legislative Hearing in Massachusetts.

Some noteworthy letters were read at the legislative hearing on woman suffrage in Massachusetts the other day. Rev. Dr. Francis G. Clark, president of the National Christian Endeavor Society, wrote:

"I do not know of any unanswerable argument against woman suffrage, and I know a great many arguments in its favor. As I have seen its operation in New Zealand and other parts of the world, my belief in it has been strengthened."

President Mary E. Wooly, of Mt. Holyoke College, wrote:

"In temperance work, on school and health boards, in prison reform, in peace conferences, in factory and shop inspection, in civil service reform, in attempts to solve social and industrial problems, women are not only a factor, but in many cases the chief workers. The time will come when we shall look back upon the arguments against granting the suffrage to women with as much incredulity as we now read the arguments against their education."

Mrs. May Alden Ward, president of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs, testified to the great growth of women's suffrage sentiment among the club women.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and other distinguished persons were among the speakers at the hearing.

Concerning Women.

Instead of prohibiting the women from smoking, New York Aldermen might set them a good example.—Exchange.

President Eliot of Harvard says that our American critics need a honesty. Why not give a vote to that half of the people which furnishes two-thirds of the church members and less than 6 per cent of the criminals?—Woman's Journal.

The New York State Bar Association, by unanimous vote, has admitted a woman to membership in the person of Mrs. Harriette Johnson Wood. This action is considered as a rebuke to the New York City Bar Association, which recently refused to admit two women, though one of the applicants was Mrs. Rosalie Law Wilkey, acknowledged to be one of the best lawyers in New York City.

Women are told that if they had the vote men would lose their respect for them; so they are advised to use their indirect influence and retain the high regard of the sterner sex. Two women tried their influence in behalf of the labor candidate for Parliament in Mid-Devonshire, England, the other day and the press dispatches say:

"They were recognized by the infuriated crowd and were hustled and pelted with stones and eggs. Finally they were knocked down and kicked. The opportune arrival of the police was the only thing that saved their lives."

Another Person—I can't tip you, young man, unless you have change for a tanner. Walter (staring him up)—Keep your dime, sir. I haven't a nickel about me.—Chicago Tribune.

"How are you, Mr. Myers, this inclement weather?" "Just managing to keep out of the undertaker's hands."

"Oh, I am sorry to hear that!"—Southwestern Presbyterian.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children with the best results. It cures colic and breaks up your rest by a sick child crying and crying with pain of cutting teeth and aches and gets a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children. It is a pleasant and reliable remedy for all the ailments of children. It is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1088.

The Russians as a nation probably give less attention to the subject of dancing than any other.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, and are satisfied that purging pills will do you no good, and that it is not good common sense, then try Carter's Little Liver Pills and learn how easy it is to be free from biliousness, headache, constipation, and all liver troubles. These little pills are smaller, easier to take and give quicker relief than any pill in use. One a dose. Price 25 cents.

New York has more hospitals than any other city in the world.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, and are satisfied that purging pills will do you no good, and that it is not good common sense, then try Carter's Little Liver Pills and learn how easy it is to be free from biliousness, headache, constipation, and all liver troubles. These little pills are smaller, easier to take and give quicker relief than any pill in use. One a dose. Price 25 cents.

In Amsterdam there is a factory where adulterated goods are continually. Most of the work is done by women.

These cheap prices which suffer from nervousness and distress should be. Carter's Little Liver Pills, which are made expressly for bilious, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

CASEY'S. The Kid You Had Always Envy!

Beats the Elgastore.

Beats the Elgastore.

Reading the Paper.

Ma reads the "Woman's Column" an' about the "Woman's Clubs." An' she reads the "Beauty Hints" an' of the social clubs. I read the "funny paper" an' the latest in baseball. An' brother reads the sports page—the races, fights an' all. But pa gives all 'o' that, you bet, an' puts in his best time A-readin' what the paper has to say on politics.

Ma reads the advertisements, an' she goes out 'o' bargain days. An' come home tired out, but, jest the same, she sets it up. An' she looks in the paper for the headline "Theaters."

Their other things she reads, but that's a favorite time. Sometimes I read the "light by rounds" when there has been a play.

But pa don't care a darn for anything but politics!

An' uncle reads about the crops an' what the prospect is. Fer gittin' bumper harvests, fer he's in the An' uncle sez the "Home and Health" department takes her eye. 'Cuz there she gets the new recipes for making the best of things. An' Cousin Henry reads the "Poetry News"—he's a rascal, eh?—But pa don't care a darn for anything but politics!

An' grand pa reads the story that's "continued in our next." An' grand ma reads the sermon, an' remember, "Lucky text." Sue hunts for "daily puzzle" up, an' sits there half the night. A-figure in the answer, an' she allus gets it right.

We have given the papers up to pa from five to six. 'Cuz he comes home to supper then an' jest reads politics!

The column called "House Beautiful" ma sez she most enjoys. The "Juvenile Department" is the baby thing for boys. An' the "Art News"—sister's interested there. But for the "Fashion Notes" they print an' doesn't seem to care. An' pa, he wishes that the editors thought in the paper so they'd print a lot more politics! —E. A. Bristolwood.

Federal Service as an Occupation.

Should a young man seriously contemplate entering the federal service at this time? That is a problem which confronts many, the more so because under the civil service rules one is not obliged to rely on personal influence to get or retain a position.

The answer to this question cannot be given categorically. It all depends upon the young man himself. For those who have little ambition and very moderate abilities, the service offers the average reward. Those who have tolerable abilities, a good deal of energy, and perseverance will make a mistake in getting on Uncle Sam's pay-roll, for the reason that it is so hard to get off.

Probably the extraordinary career of Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou has done more than anything else to stimulate young men to enter the service. A few years ago Mr. Cortelyou was a stenographer; now he is even mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency. Ergo, every young man has a similar opportunity. Of course there are always opportunities, but aside from Mr. Cortelyou's unquestioned abilities, he was fortunate in many respects. For instance, if President Cleveland had not been in need of a stenographer on one occasion, his rise would hardly have been so rapid.

The government employs an enormous number of people, and generally at salaries below those paid in commercial life. As a rule, the hours are short and the work not difficult; but the sense of security is apt to dull ambition to rest, and decrease the efficiency of the worker. There are many men earning a thousand dollars a year or less in the service today who if they had been thrown on their own resources might have done a great deal better for themselves.—Rene Bache in February Lippincott's.

Fighting It

